



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

FOUR or five people, if the Coroner's instructions are carried out, will be indicted for being concerned in the death of a young man whose mother and friends prevented him from receiving proper medical treatment, though his wife and her mother made strong protests against Christian Science being relied upon to tide him over what proved to be a fatal illness. The jury returned a verdict of "gross manslaughter." Just what "gross" manslaughter is I shall not attempt to define, but presumably it is the killing of a man without murderous intent but with gross indifference as to whether the treatment he was receiving would result fatally or otherwise.

One cannot be made believe either by a coroner's verdict or by the jury of a higher court that a mother can be regarded as the life of her son, even though he may have been married and partially removed from her direct care and affection. Believing, then, that the mother intended well, this fatal mistake but proves how strong a hold religious fervor, mistaken for faith, can obtain upon a woman who, while yearning for the welfare of her young, valiantly risks her son's life to demonstrate the soundness and efficacy of her religious views. Maternal affection and religious impulse can neither of them be derided nor spoken of as an ephemeral or unfortunate fantasy. Both are good in their place, both have their limitations, each should have some bearing on the other; every other virtue should be given a place with these. No one impulse, indeed, should be given full sway, but by a combination of all that is best in the composition of each individual there should be some result indicating that a sense of fairness and justice, some realization of values, has been the basis of a kindly recognition that the warring forces, both of our natures and what we know of science and Divinity, have all been allowed reasonable play.

Christian Scientists, who, I am told, employ controversialists to dispute everything that is said, even in moderation, criticizing their creed, are not alone in insisting that their faith is superior to all others and in fact supersedes not only old religions, but all other theories of healing the sick. It is a very large proposition to put forth, that the theories of a thrifty new England woman should wipe away everything that theologians have taught after centuries of study, research and controversy, and at the same time dispense with everything that the science of medicine, surgery and sanitation has developed since the time of Aesculapius. I really envy those who have a cavity into which such a huge hunk of faith can fit; for while I find myself capable of believing that things are continually being proved and disproved, and can see improvements and understand subtractions and even multiplications of existing figures representing the status of religious and scientific data, I have never had occasion to dispense with my belief in any one thing in its entirety "all to one." For instance, the multiplication table has not altered since I learned it after painful application. Euclid has not changed; in fact, the A B C's are identical with those I struggled with more than two score years ago. Probably if I tried castor-oil it would have the same effect as it did when I was teething; or if I wrote an imprudent letter I would hear of it later; or if I called a man a nasty name I might have to wear a poultice on my eye. There are many things that do not change. I can fashion the alphabet into more shapes than I could when I was in the primary class; Euclid is no longer an abstract study, but a system of reasoning; and I find that one may speak quite vigorously without having to put one's face in a sling. Maybe there is no real pain; maybe we have no bodies; maybe we don't need doctors; like enough there is no death; but we go through what seems to be all these things, and the make-believe is frightfully real.

Christian Scientists are quite right in believing that in teaching that the less we think of the reality and importance of these things the less reality and importance they have; but when we get the symptoms of typhoid, of pneumonia or appendicitis we may try to convince ourselves up to a certain point that there is no such thing, but at that psychological and physiological moment when a disease is going to get us or we must get a doctor it is very much easier to get the doctor and take no chances with regard to our theory of the non-existence of the deadly ailment that threatens. We are really casting no slight on our belief that the day is to be fine if we carry an umbrella, nor do we show a lack of faith in an all-wise Providence if we use a disinfectant when exposed to contagion. I think it is only exuberant vanity which leads us to believe that we are pleasing Providence or testifying to the faith that is in us when we take fool risks.

The trouble into which these particular Christian Scientists have got themselves ought to be a warning to other religious folk not to be too cocksure that they have the particular confidence of God and are His exponents on earth of His newest experiments as creator and chief executor of mankind. I can quite well remember when those of the faith into which I was born considered immersion the chief initiatory rite into the ranks of the saved. It was urged that nobody could be a Freemason without going through the initiatory ceremonies, and that in the wisdom of the Almighty such ceremonies were provided as were necessary to a public and proper introduction into the Church; and as no person who had come to the age of responsibility was likely to be saved outside of the Church, it was foolish to trust to a special dispensation while hell was the other end of the chance. Each church has had some special and distinctive feature, urged as necessary to the distinct recognition of having fulfilled the Divine will. This sort of thing is being very largely and, it seems to me, very wisely, abandoned, and in its place has come a general estimate of worthiness as a citizen, anxiety to do good and be good, and to help in every way for the betterment of the world. The Hindu philosophy teaches that there is good in every religion and in every man and woman. The ethics of every religion separated from the practices which have been adopted are all attractive, probably beneficial, and doubtless cumulatively tend to benefit mankind. Possibly what the world needs and the thing the Christian Scientists are demonstrating themselves to be specially devoid of, is the same use of every good thing as far as it will go, the belief in nothing as absolutely curative of either the body or the soul. If there were any universal cure, if empiricism in either theology or medicine were practicable, there would be no sick, no sorrowing, no dying nor death, no tears, no grief, "no nothing" but health and joy. Every good thing helps if taken in the right spirit; every good thing may kill if taken in the wrong spirit and at the wrong time; and there is only one thing that can be taken at no time with advantage, and that is the doctrine that any few people know it all or have a monopoly of the ways to either health or heaven.

IN reading the recently published memoirs of Detective John Wilson Murray, one comes to the conclusion that the part of our legal machinery devoted to the detecting of crime and the running down of criminals has reached a state much more nearly approaching perfection than some of the other departments of the legal system for the punishment of sin. The forty years during which Detective Murray has followed the career of professional detective have seen many great advances in the methods and facilities for bringing criminals to the bar of justice, and during the same period the administering of suitable punishment has made little if any advance. Indeed, after reading the Provincial Detective's fascinating story of his life one wonders if the verdicts of juries and the sentences of judges could not be rivaled, so far as justice is concerned, by the simple means of tossing a copper in the air and letting the verdict and sentence rest on the chance of whether head or tail turned up. Naturally the most difficult verdict to secure from a jury is that of murder,

and consequently it is in murder trials that justice most frequently miscarries. The most remarkable conclusion that Detective Murray draws from his vast experience is that it is easier to convict a man on circumstantial than on direct evidence. The reason for this seems to be the suspicion with which judges regard almost everything in the nature of a confession. Let a murderer confess or let an accomplice give him away, and the chances of his escape appear to increase as the truth of the confession becomes more obvious. Probably judges fall into the habit of disregarding confessions in order that anything in the nature of torture or sweat-box methods may be discouraged—and encouragement of abuses of this nature would be a great menace to justice—but why the confession of a pal, when supported by the most convincing circumstantial evidence, should prove ineffectual in securing a conviction, where in other cases men are sent to the gallows on evidence infinitely less convincing, is more than can be explained away by crediting judges and juries with an abundance of caution. Although Detective Murray usually refrains from giving his opinion of the findings of juries and the sentences of judges, he gives one the impression that the jury system is a very long way from being perfect. The chief obstacle in the path of justice seems to be the local prejudice of jurors. The popularity or unpopularity of the criminal in the district in which he is tried tends to have quite an improper effect on the verdict. This difficulty might readily be overcome by having the trial take place at some distance from the locality where the crime was committed. The only objection to changing the venue is the expense, but where the life or death of a man is at stake, or where the discouragement or encouragement of crime hinges on the place of trial, expense should not be considered. Political influence also plays an important part in determining the fate of criminals, it would seem. Altogether too many chapters in Detective Murray's book, after describing the manner in which a murderer was located, run down and convicted, end with such

The control of the school system of Canada is their greatest ambition—given that, they believe everything else can be theirs. To obtain the status they feel they must have, they have been playing, and are playing, the most desperate confidence game that was ever worked upon an unsophisticated people. As other confidence operators rely upon their victims desiring to appear rich and to be acquainted with prominent people in their locality, and desiring to show that they are not only flush, but generous, and not afraid to trust a stranger, so the Hierarchy work the non-Catholics of Canada, who are in no immediate danger of having their school system despoiled, by making them feel that they are so broad-minded and strong that they can afford to be even foolishly generous, and are so wise that they need not listen to those who warn them that the seductive stranger with the silk hat—or mitre—is simply trying to "do them out" of their valuables.

It is not a new game. Ever since the Hierarchy has struggled for temporal power the education of the youth of the country has been an indispensable factor in the preservation of a subservient and devoted flock, either careless or unconscious of the extent to which they have been subjected to disadvantages and impoverishments entirely unconnected with either their moral or spiritual advancement. In the majority of Catholic countries the meaning of this ancient and detestable confidence game has been discovered, the schools secularized, and in many cases the Jesuits and many other orders of priests expelled. The power of the Hierarchy over the educational interests of countries almost solely Catholic is decreasing, and in many instances disappearing or has entirely disappeared. It is in English-speaking and non-Catholic countries that the confidence game of the Hierarchy is being worked to its greatest possible extent, and, sad to say, with surprising success.

The school question is back in Canadian politics. Early last summer I ventured to predict that this would be the result of the cumulative efforts of the Hierarchies of the various

minority be any different from any other minority? Are not Roman Catholics plain citizens as others are? Have they any other rights as citizens than those possessed by non-Catholics? Dare they assert that they have? Have they more sensitive consciences than are possessed by others? Why must they be considered as a permanent minority which must be regarded though all other minorities are forgotten, one which must be pampered to, "protected," encouraged to grow greater, and artificially nourished that it may grow more powerful and impudent? Why should this minority have a school system of its own? Do they teach the children in Separate schools to be better citizens than they do in Public schools? Do they educate them so that they are less frequently or less numerously guilty of crime? The statistics of the penitentiaries, reformatories, the Central Prison, the jails and the summary convictions by magistrates prove the contrary. Some years ago I examined the statistics and found that in Ontario, where men but a decimal over 16 per cent. of the population was Roman Catholic, in the reformatories for boys, the Mercer Reformatory for Women, and Central Prison and penitentiaries and jails, and the summary convictions before magistrates, the percentage ran from 26 to over 40 per cent. of professed Roman Catholics though no Protestant ever subjects himself to being found out by a priest by claiming to be a Catholic when he is not, though many Catholics when they are sent to prison avoid the priest by professing some other religion—let us accept the results as stated. I have used this argument several times and it has been answered but once; then the figures were not contradicted, but it was claimed that among the Roman Catholics were an unusual number of poor and ignorant, who were consequently more tempted to lawlessness. That is no answer—they are kept poor by the "grafting" of their church superiors and are kept ignorant by the same forces and for the same purpose—to make them more unquestioning adherents of the Church. The clergyman offering this argument further ventured to say that our immigration brought many poor and illiterate Catholic people who could not be compared with our native population. Quite true; but where did they come from? From countries which have been Catholic ever since there has been any Roman Catholic Church, and where priestly grafters made them the victims of bad schools and endless taxation for church purposes. If the Roman Catholic school is such a good thing, why do Italians, Germans, and French almost unanimously detest the Church schools? It is in those places that the Hierarchy for centuries have had every opportunity of showing what they can do by a partnership with Church and State and full control of the schools. Yet here in Canada, the non-Catholic majority—eager to show its liberality—helps the Hierarchy force upon the Catholic laity the "privileges," "rights," "sacred" immunities which by petition, revolution and the ballot have been repudiated, condemned and abolished wherever free men can speak, and the "non-Catholic majority" fool-full of liberality does not "butt in" to help the priests. I have no desire to say unpleasant things, but I am tired hearing this minority whine, this denouncing of "godless schools." If the godless Public school has made any worse list of producing good citizens than the so-called religious schools of Europe—and of Canada for that matter—it is in answer for the Hierarchy to produce the figures.

One signing himself A. E. McPhillips recently wrote a letter occupying about half a page of the *News*, filled with the most specious "constitutional" arguments for Separate schools and "justice" to the minority. He denounced the Liberals for refusing to give relief to Manitoba Catholics, praised the unfortunate Conservatives for trying to do so, and hoped that in the giving of autonomy to the North-West Territories the Canadian people would enable "impartial observers to predict for Canada a glorious future in line with those noble traditions of the Mother Country." This is not the way the Hierarchy teach the Roman Catholic people of Ireland to talk about British institutions—in the Separate schools of that "persecuted" island it is the "bloody Sassenach and his cursed laws!" The minority are asking in this province for the privilege of teaching Irish history as they construe it, for the making of "better citizens" of Canadians! But apart from what is taught that should not be taught by means of money collected by the tax-gatherer, no matter from whom it is collected, the statistics I have referred to answer the oft-repeated cry, which appears, of course, in Mr. McPhillips' letter, "that the maintenance of the godless schools is filling the reformatories and prisons and sending the boys and girls upon the streets to be the prey of the disolute and vicious." It does not matter that this is a shameless untruth, told of the greatest institution in Canada to-day—the Public school!

The Hierarchy has never failed to make complaint, no matter whether a colorless chapter of the Bible be read, an inoffensive prayer, or an unsectarian chapter from a school-book, in the Public school; and to please the Hierarchy all these things have been taken out lest one stray Catholic child be offended. And as soon as everything approaching religious instruction is eliminated, then the Hierarchy and their satellites cry out against the godless schools, and no effort is spared to wreck these schools in order to establish inferior Separate schools. It can well be understood that two schools in a sparsely settled neighborhood cannot be conducted as well as one, and the injury is not only to the children of the Separate school supporters, but to those who prefer to attend the other. In the Diocese of Peterborough one Public school has been closed, the Separate school is not opened, but neither can be reorganized to be anything nearly as good as the old Public school. No complaint was found with that school because of Protestant teachings, because the teacher was a Catholic, the cross, pictures of the saints and other ornaments of the kind were permitted, and the catechism was taught. Even that was not enough, but the deed of the schoolhouse was seized. What became of the rights of the minority in that neighborhood? The non-Catholics were too weak to resist and from them was taken even the semblance of a Public school. Which makes one inclined to ask when the Catholics have been or are in the majority, who ever hears of the rights of the minority? Quebec may not be quoted, for the Public school there is a Roman Catholic school. When did these sacred and inalienable rights of the "minority" begin to appeal to the Roman Catholic Hierarchy? Never until they constituted the minority. What did Spin ever do for the non-Catholic minority except make room for them to the Inquisition or at the stake? When Rome ruled, were there Public schools, or any at which the prejudices of anybody but the faithful Hierarchy were respected? Rome has not changed; its policy is the same to-day as it was a hundred or a thousand years ago. Were it in the majority in Canada or in the United States, non-Catholics would get nothing—but orders to keep quiet, and do that damned quick and permanently.

The writer of the letter referred to hopes that all the other religious denominations will not only ask for but obtain power to alienate taxes for the support of denominational schools. How kind of him! It is because other denominations have been pettifogging with this question that non-Catholicism has not presented the united front that it should to the aggressions of Rome. It is time that this folly should cease and non-Catholics unite firmly upon a Public school policy which, if acceptable to them all, should be made acceptable to the Hierarchy. It may not come about just now, but an agitation is coming for the abolition of Separate schools. We may be forced to let the problem work itself out, as it has worked itself out in Catholic countries, where the majority of Roman Catholics themselves have finally thrown off the yoke, and all pretence of religion as well. The Protestant denominations might very well cease trying to convert Roman Catholics, for it looks very much as if they were but changing people from one system of graft to another. Protestant denominations are showing themselves to be adepts at the art of grafting, and never cease trying to get something out of



TOM MOORE ILLUSTRATED.

"The heart that truly loves never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets,  
The same look which she turned when he rose."

comment as: "Through the influence of his counsel, who was a very prominent party man at that time, his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment." More than half the criminals convicted of murder whose cases are recorded in these memoirs, escaped the death penalty. Though most of them were sentenced to death, the great majority afterwards were given life imprisonment—and some of them released after serving a few years. This may be the way to temper justice with mercy, but it is not the best way to discourage heinous crimes. On the whole, the book gives one the impression that, while a criminal hasn't much chance of not being run down and brought to account for any crime he may commit in this province, what with legal quibbles, over-cautious judges, sympathetic juries and political influence, he has a pretty good chance of getting off a great deal easier than he should.

CONFIDENCE games are the meanest and most dangerous of all swindles. Though the confidence operator requires the skill of a professional actor, the tact of a diplomatist, and some of the polish of a man of the world, this rather unusual combination of qualities is ordinarily directed toward the misleading and undoing of the good-hearted and unsophisticated. Men who should know better cash the bogus cheques of the confidence operator, partly through a desire to appear well stocked with funds, and to a certain extent because they take a pleasure in helping a fellow man, even though he be apparently a stranger, out of an embarrassing situation. It is not unusual for the confidence man to wear clerical garb that he may better impose upon the soft-headed and soft-hearted. When religious feeling is played upon the swindle becomes just so much more contemptible, though the swindler frequently finds it just so much easier to work his game.

It is not only in bogus cheques, gift enterprises, bogus money, and gold bricks, that the confidence man deals. For over twenty-five years I have been employing a certain amount of my time and energy exposing various crooked games. I confess that I grow weary when I see the same old swindles cropping up year after year and finding a perhaps decreasing but yet sufficient crop of victims. The grafter in politics finds his followers; the grafter in mining shares and speculative stocks finds a perennial crop of those who insist upon getting the worst of it. But worst of all, most discouraging of all, is the recurrent confidence game practiced by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy to obtain a firmer grasp upon what they have and to seize more of that which they desire.

provinces. The meeting of the Hierarchy of Canada at Three Rivers, Que., a couple of weeks prior to the general election was credited with being the occasion of considering the school question, its reference to political questions then pending, and the attitude of the two principal political parties towards the proposed saddling upon the new province or provinces of the North-West, of Separate schools. Though I had the best of authority for the statement that such was the case, the absolute denial of a statement made by the *News* to that effect made it impossible to assert further what I knew to be true, without appearing to be unwarrantably rude. I did venture, however, to say that the attitude of the Church as shown in the elections would be a distinct indication of what pledges had been made by the leaders of the two parties. If that test is to be now applied, we must fear that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was able to better satisfy the Hierarchy than Mr. Borden. Further, if we are to judge by the remark made by Mr. Parent, jr., in reply to the speech from the Throne, more is contemplated than the mere leaving of the new province free to make laws in educational matters for itself. Mr. Parent, who is the son of the Premier of Quebec and very close to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, pointed out "the disastrous effects of the Manitoba school law upon the Roman Catholic minority, and urged that the Government in the arrangements which they were making should profit by the experience of Manitoba and see that the new province to be created in the North-West Territories should accord fair play to the Roman Catholic minority."

The "minority," the "minority"—when shall we hear the last of this persecuted minority? The "minority" of what, in what? Why should there be any permanent faction persistently parading itself as the "minority"? The Tories have been in the minority sometimes in one province, sometimes in all the provinces, and yet in the majority in the Dominion. The Liberals were in the majority in all the provinces, and in the minority in federal politics—political minorities are flexible. The Englishmen in Canada are in the minority; so are the Scotch; so are the French, for that matter, though they come nearer the majority than any one people—why don't we hear about these minorities being persecuted and suffering for conscience's sake? But this is a "religious minority!" So are the Methodists in a religious minority; each other denomination is a minority, but they do not feel themselves persecuted, do not clamor for protection when a new province is created. But then this is a different "Minority," it is a Roman Catholic minority. Why should a Roman Catholic



the Government for the support of their particular "ism" and its spokesmen. A great responsibility rests upon non-Catholics of every religious denomination, for by permitting a system of so-called religious schools to eat into the heart of our citizenship and to undermine our political structure they are in partnership with the hierarchy in an attempted enslavement of the Roman Catholic people. When the Catholics throw off this yoke it will not be for Protestantism, but for agnosticism, atheism, or some other "ism" which will bear no resemblance to the graftings to which they have been so carefully bred. Doctrinally speaking, I am convinced that the Roman Catholic religion, divested of all political affiliations, is quite as good, efficacious and satisfactory as many of the so-called Protestant creeds. The Separate school, as Father Crowley has described it, is "a curse to the Church, and a menace to the nation;" and the Church itself as a political organization, holding itself apart from the rest of the community and working political grafts of its own, is a thoroughly demoralizing element.

It now remains to be seen whether the Dominion Parliament will saddle this intensified "curse to the Church and menace to the nation" on the new province or provinces to be created in the North-West. Nobody knows better than Sir Wilfrid Laurier how brutally domineering the hierarchy can be, or with what bigotry and persistence a man marked by the Church can be followed. On the other hand, no one knows better than he how a brave fight can set the hierarchy at naught, humble it before its adherents, and for a time destroy its power. No one knows better than he, perhaps, how much easier it is, however, when in power, to let the Church have its way and let the educational affairs of the people be made a matter of priestly graft, clerical bungling, and that ecclesiastical policy which sets forth that an educated man is in danger of being lost to the Church. The majority of the members of the House of Commons are presumably non-Catholics, while few of those who claim to be children of the Church are believers in the policy, to say nothing of the doctrines, of Rome. They all know how much easier it is to yield than to fight, and if they saddle Separate schools upon the new province they will be guilty of shameful cowardice—a cowardice that would lead them to be shot if as soldiers they yielded to the enemy in any such way. Why are politicians not as brave and full of fight, as full of patriotism and principle, as the soldier who goes out to battle for his country, caring nothing if he loses his life so long as the day be won?

It would look as if politics were becoming a despicable business, a game played mostly by rogues, recreants, compromisers, and traitors to principle. The country only needs an awakening and things will be changed, and when the change comes it will be a rude awakening and a going to the other extreme, which in its turn will produce reaction. Cowardice and compromise are the base parents of revolution; courage and adherence to convictions of right make government easy if coupled with even fair ability to govern. The

government that thinks it would be easier to change the British North America Act to obtain authority for appointing thirteen new senators than to change the same Act for the abolition of Separate schools, has that low opinion of human nature which believes that thirteen senatorial bribes will quiet the West while being loaded down with a Separate school clause in their provincial charter. This same low estimate of public opinion doubtless holds that the other portions of Canada will not care. Probably the Government's estimate is based upon experience. How sweet it is to be considered an atom, a fragment of such a worm-eaten bunch, such a selfish and cowardly crew!

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Star* made a good suggestion the other night to the effect that Mr. J. A. Proctor, chairman of the Court of Revision, would make a good successor to Assessment Commissioner Fleming. Mr. Proctor, who is only slightly past middle age, has been known for a generation in Toronto as a fair-minded and capable lawyer, with a more than average knowledge of land values, the by-paths of trade, and the localities popular both for residence and business in this city. As official arbitrator for Toronto and the County of York he has had much to do with the settlement of damages, under the Municipal Arbitration Act, claimed by owners of property upon whose holdings encroachments have been made. As a license commissioner he was just, and as a citizen Mr. Proctor has always been in good repute, and I know of no case where his assessment ruling has been successfully assailed, though like enough he has had a set-back some time. It seems rather strange that so clear-headed and honest a man who has been on trial for so long should not have been considered in line of succession to Mr. Fleming, together with Mr. Forman, though it is probably because Mr. Proctor has been unwilling to put himself forward until Mr. Forman's claims have been thoroughly considered and all his chances for advancement properly weighed. If experience and the confidence of the public are to count for anything, Mr. Proctor should certainly stand thoroughly well to the front, and in my estimation there are no claims except those of Mr. Forman that are real in competition with his.

TWO more accidents within the last week, the result of the level crossing nuisance, should again impress upon the authorities sufficient sense of their responsibility to prompt them to take action at once to correct an error which is a constant menace to the lives of the people. In one case a young girl was crushed to death while on her way to work early in the morning and while it was still dark. In the other case a milk-wagon was smashed into kindling wood and the life of the driver saved only by his jumping in the nick of time. The existence of level railway crossings in cities is an absurd contradiction to the much-boasted twentieth century advances. They have always been known to be dangerous, yet in Toronto scarcely anything has been done to provide for their abolition. When anyone happens to be killed the newspapers gravely comment on the tragedy, regret the unfortunate occurrence, and forget all about level crossings until they claim another victim, when the same old story is retold. It is a remarkable thing about the city of Toronto, that they will put up with almost any sort of treatment at the hands of franchise-holding corporations or dub municipal representatives. What is needed in this town is a body of energetic men who will take up a number of our local abuses, collect a representative delegation, proceed to the City Hall and inform our aldermen, controllers and Mayor what they are to expect unless things are set right. The citizens have been flim-flammed too long already. It is time for them to do something which will put some life into the city's so-called representatives and prompt them to take such action at Ottawa and elsewhere as will insure the removal of conditions which would be a disgrace to a country town. Being jollied too long is inclined to make one cynical, hopeless and inactive. The only way to get rid of this mental attitude is to let out a reef and sail in to do things.

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "Sequence" writes to criticize my characterizing as unorthodox the action of the Separate school representatives on the Board of Education, who practically took the election of a chairman of the Public School Board into their own hands. "Sequence" hints that I was influenced by religious prejudice when I accused the Separate school trustees of not playing the game fairly. If "Sequence" will re-read the article criticized he will find that the game spoken of was for "table stakes"—and if he is not better posted on religion and politics than he is on poker, he had better not "butt in."

BLESSED are they that expect little. The following extract is from the editorial page of the *Star* of Wednesday last: "Friday night of this week should be long remembered as the occasion when the rulers of Toronto University investigated themselves and found everything lovely."

#### More University Correspondence.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT: Sir,—I am afraid your informant respecting affairs at the University has somewhat misled you, since, contrary to the statement you make in your last week's editorial, there exists a class at the University for the purpose of instructing students in methods of study. The class I refer to is that in public speaking and expression, which was established in November of last year on the initiative of President Loudon. Let me mention also that the basis of your argument in this connection, namely, that the average age of students at matriculation is sixteen, is not at all correct. It is questionable if a single student in attendance is as young as you describe. The average for Toronto, and it is as low as most universities, is nineteen—an age when most men, if there be in them the stuff of which scholars are made, have acquired at least some idea of how to study. Yours etc., LECTURER.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT: Dear Sir,—As an impartial observer with some little knowledge of University affairs, it would appear to me that there are two fundamental weaknesses in the letters of "Junius Jr."

In the first place, "Junius Jr." has not been so successful in concealing his identity as his renowned prototype. The events related in the last letter did not occur in the person of the writer. He was not at the University in 1900, and in 1904 he took no interest whatever in the award of the scholarship he has mentioned. This circumstance and the particularity with which he describes the events of this time go to show that he has been carefully coached by some one, presumably a member of the faculty with an intimate knowledge of that department in which "the 1851 Exhibition Science Research scholarship" is given. Such being the case, the description of "Junius Jr." should be discounted by rational people for two reasons: First, because the jealousy of such member of the faculty towards the head of the department of Physics is notorious, and secondly, because the estimate of the abilities of the winners of the scholarships given in his last letter, if "Junius Jr." own, is nevertheless not infallible, and if it is his informant's opinion which he quotes, such opinion is prejudiced. As a matter of fact, I have taken some trouble to inquire of some members of the professorial staff and a subordinate who are not in accord with the great body of the faculty. If absolute harmony and unanimity is desired, surely the more practicable plan would be to remove the minority.

In discussing the President chiefly, "Junius Jr." reveals his lack of appreciation of the true condition of affairs. As the University is at present constituted, practically all matters, even down to the smallest details, in connection with the management of the University, have to be deliberated upon and executed by the President. The position as it exists requires a man of good judgment, business ability, great capacity for work, and profound experience in University affairs. All these the President has to a high degree, as is generally admitted. It is complained, however, that these qualifications should belong to some other official in the University; the President should be more in the public eye, should advertise the University more, should take part in public functions, should appear more on the public platform. The late Sir Daniel Wilson was a splendid type of the president of the latter kind, and yet the inner workings of the University were in a most deplorable condition when Professor Loudon became President. So it is not an easy thing for one man to fulfill the demands of the University from within and the demands of the public from without. It is a matter of opinion, but by some critics at least it is considered that it is more important in the long run that the University be thoroughly organized; that the details be attended to; that the system be perfected. Criticism along this latter line will accomplish infinitely more good than will ever result from the superficial vituperation of those misguided enthusiasts who do not consider the facts as they exist. President Loudon has accomplished, and is accomplishing, work for the University which has to be done, which is largely unnoticed because it is beneath the surface and thankless because it is not appreciated by the public, which is not intimately acquainted with University affairs, and which public keeps demanding a man of a certain type, but in fact needs a system not wholly dependent upon the personality of any one man, nor could any man avail much with the present worthless system.

There has been occasionally some legitimate criticism of the University in respect of the capabilities of certain members of the faculty. It is a fact which simply needs investigation to prove, that the practical power which the President enjoys in selecting capable men for the faculty and eliminating incompetent ones, is nil. In the last year, to my knowledge, two of the faculty who were removed, have since been reinstated over President Loudon's head, one in the same position which he left and another in a place in a different department. It is just possible they had political influence. More than that, the appointment of a professor, without the President even being consulted, is well known. Not that I am criticizing this particular professor, but it is an example of the President's powerlessness. There is a still worse feature of the present system, that in some faculties, if not in all, the heads of departments cannot control their own lecturers, much less have a voice in selecting or removing them.

These are some of the features of the system which the President has ordinarily to combat, and when we combine with them the special circumstances that some three or four members of the faculty take advantage of every opportunity to provoke controversy, the situation would seem to demand that something be done. I agree with "Junius Jr." but to my mind the situation demands first the removal of the malcontents, proceeding from the bottom up. As for President Loudon, I assure you, sir, that the more thoughtful element of the undergraduate body and the large majority of the graduates unite with Mr. Russell in tendering him their affection and respect, affection for his kindly personality and respect for the great work which he has undoubtedly done in a situation the most trying. Yours, etc., ALUMNUS.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT: In common with other graduates of the University of Toronto, I have been relieved to see that "Junius Jr." has "come into the open" in the matter of his charges, if not in that of his own identity. As the affair now stands, action is necessary—and, whatever be the truth, inaction has been the bane of the University for years.

An investigation is absolutely demanded by the facts, as every graduate and friend of the University will agree. If the charges you have published should be verified, as those promise who are familiar with inside matters, the University as an institution of the province will gain in ultimate dignity and reputation. If those charges are false, the men implicated should be the first to demand a thorough, searching and uncompromising investigation into the allegations made. It is to be regretted that the Alumni Association is under the control or influence of any University men whatever. As it is, graduates are in the present matter debarré from expressing their views in, much less obtaining reliable information from, their own organ, the *University of Toronto Monthly*, and are unable to use their own organization in a most vital matter. Graduates may, therefore, be grateful to SATURDAY NIGHT for its fearlessness in this matter, and trust that the agitation begun may be carried to some useful conclusion. Truly yours, AUSTIN L. MCCREDIE, '01.

Guelph, January 9, 1905.

#### At Home Days.

Miss Veals, Glenmawr, February 7 and 14.  
Mrs. Wellington Parsons, 92 Winchester, 2 and 4 Thursdays.  
Mrs. McClung, Huntley, 1 and 2 Mondays.  
Mrs. T. H. Hamilton, 72 Crescent road, 2 Tuesdays.  
Mrs. Samuel Harris, 175 College, 1 and 2 Tuesdays.  
Mrs. Wallbridge, 20 Madison ave., January 20.  
Mrs. Reginald McIntosh, 25 Chicora ave., 1 Friday.  
Mrs. Price Brown, 37 Carlton, February 13 and 20.  
Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Llawhaden, January 20.  
Mrs. Edward C. Bee, 31 Winchester, 1 Monday.  
Mrs. and Misses Bruce Smith, 412 Markham, 1 and 2 Thursdays.  
Miss Cumberland, 63 Czar, Fridays.  
Mrs. H. T. Kelly, 33 Maple ave., 4 Monday and Tuesday.  
Mrs. W. J. O'Hara, 50 Admiral road, 1 and 3 Fridays.  
Mrs. A. H. Walker, 134 Peter, January 26.  
Mrs. A. S. Hardy, 621 Spadina ave., 1 and 3 Tuesdays.  
Mrs. Haydn Horsey, 226 St. George, Fridays.  
Mrs. Elgin Schoff, 129 Bleeker, 1 and 3 Mondays.  
Mrs. J. Edmund McLeod, 678 Huron, 1 Monday, 4 Friday.  
Mrs. John Clarkson, Deer Park, 2 and 4 Thursdays.  
Mrs. J. Bradshaw, 11 Roxborough w., 2 and 4 Fridays.  
Misses Scott and Merrick, 102 Bloor e., Jan. 23, 1, 2 Mondays.  
Mrs. Thornton Hamer, Main and Gerrard, 1 Tuesday.  
Mrs. A. R. Pyne, 134 Carlton, 3 Monday.  
Mrs. Charles Johnson, Glenvale, Thursdays.  
Mrs. Middleton and Mrs. Obad Smith, 68 Howard, 2, 4 Tuesdays.  
Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Fred Kent, 192 Lowther ave., 1 Friday.  
Mrs. W. Percival Eby, 214 Beverley, Wednesdays.  
Mrs. Eaton, 182 Lowther ave., 1 Friday.  
Mrs. Franklin Dawson, Spadina ave., January 26.

#### A Perfect Disguise.

Having fully recovered from an illness, Satan threw from him, contemptuously, his saintly habit. "What rot!" said he. "No longer a saint I'll be!" "Did your majesty call?" asked an imp, a-tremble. "Yes; I am going out within the hour. Get me my best disguise. Make haste!" In a moment the imp returned with the costume. "Very good," chuckled Satan; "a perfect disguise!" A moment later he had donned a gentleman's evening clothes.

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THE Skating Club has arranged to hold a grand fancy dress carnival at the Mutual street rink on Thursday evening, February 9. The members of the committee are exerting themselves to the utmost to insure its success. As a special feature two bands have been engaged, one of which will supply waltz music and the other will alternate with marches for the benefit of those indifferent to waltzing. Thus the usual unpleasant intermissions so fatiguing to both spectators and those taking part are obviated. During the evening refreshments will be served. Further information or tickets may be obtained from Dr. Ireland, 71 Bloor street east, or from any of the members of the club.

There was the usual fortnightly reception on Thursday afternoon at Government House, when an additional attraction was the presence of a fair young guest with the house party. The visit of Miss Caperton has, I fancy, broken the record for a succession of hospitalities both elegant and hearty. She was a guest on Tuesday evening at a very pleasant informal little dance at Mrs. Cassels' in Grosvenor street for young folks. On Wednesday Mrs. John I. Davidson gave a luncheon at which Miss Caperton was an admired guest. Miss Caperton attended the Engineers' dance with her hostesses on Thursday evening. Mr. Frank Gray gave a dinner in her honor at the Hunt Club last night. This evening Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord is giving a dinner for Miss Caperton. On Monday evening Miss Bessie Macdonald will entertain in a similar manner in honor of the fair Philadelphian. On the next night the Government House dance is on, and on the following Thursday Miss Florence Blaikie gives a dinner for Miss Caperton. Mrs. Willie Davidson will give a luncheon in her honor on Friday of next week, and Miss Brook of Queen's Park a dinner on the same date. Other festivities will doubtless fill in every spare hour.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Winnifred Darling, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Darling, of Ravensmount, and Mr. Audley Hagarty, only son of Mr. George Hagarty, and grandson of the late Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty, is announced.

Mrs. Gordon Osler entertained at bridge on Thursday afternoon. Miss Ruby Ramsay, who was with Mrs. Barwick, has now gone to stay with her sister, Mrs. Osler. Not only the women in society enjoy their matinee bridge, but at the club are daily to be seen devoted followers of the present craze, some of the best players in Canada enjoying an afternoon game frequently.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones has asked a few friends for bridge on Monday afternoon at Llawhaden.

Mrs. Foster of 85 Glen road received on Monday for the first time in her new residence and a number of friends came to welcome her and her graceful daughter to the picturesque suburb. Mrs. Foster has quite recovered from her severe cold and looked very well indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Leadlay are settled in their new home, 21 Elm avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. Leadlay will receive Monday, January 23, and afterwards on the first Monday of each month.

A very jolly evening was spent last Monday, January 16, when Mrs. James Wright of 438 Sherbourne street gave a farewell skating-party for her cousin and departing guest, Miss Ethyl Hodgson of Montreal. The skaters went down to Moss Park rink, as the nearest approach to a Montreal rink, and there they all enjoyed the last skate with Miss Hodgson, for this season at any rate, but live in hopes and anticipation of another visit from this altogether charming young lady.

The following notice has been sent in, and proves interesting concerning the ball of February 22: "The beaux and belles, maids and matrons, who are looking forward with eager expectation to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball at the King Edward on Wednesday, February 22, may rest assured that the occasion will be one of complete enjoyment, judging by the careful attention being given by the various sub-committees to the many little details which make for the success of such an event. This year's ball assumes an especial importance from the fact that it will serve to formally introduce Toronto society to their Excellencies the Earl and Countess Grey, who have so graciously consented to honor the ball with their presence and their patronage. The general ball committee, of which Mr. A. R. Boswell, K.C., is convener, met on Wednesday afternoon and received the reports of the minor committees, and all showed that the arrangements are well under way. The invitation committee, under the convener'ship of Mr. S. Bruce Harman, have selected an artistic design for the cards of invitation, of which five hundred will be issued, and have prepared the complimentary list. The coupons of admission will be pink for complimentary guests, white for gentlemen and blue for ladies. Dr. Riordan, convener of the refreshment committee, has arranged with the hotel management for the serving of an elaborate menu, and the chefs of the great hostelry may be expected to excel themselves. The music committee (Mr. G. H. Higinbotham, convener) have decided that the programme of dances shall be the same as that of last year's ball. The committee are considering the merits of several well-known orchestras, and that they will select one worthy of the occasion is beyond doubt. The labors of the decoration committee, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Horsey, will, of course, be materially lightened by the already elaborate embellishments of the palatial apartments to be used as ball-room, reception-room and supper-room, but with the accessories of flowers, flags and bunting these rooms should present a splendid spectacle. The club's cups and other trophies will be exhibited in the ball-room, which is the spacious American dining-room of the hotel. The dais for the viceregal party will be erected beneath the great stained glass window at the south side of the room. The banquet-hall will be used as a reception-room, and here the guests will be presented to their Excellencies. Supper will be served in the European dining-room on the main floor."

Mr. and Mrs. George Milligan are settled in their new home, 163 Crescent road, Rosedale. Mrs. Milligan will receive on Thursday afternoon, 26th, and afterwards on the second Monday of each month.

On Thursday evening of last week Colonel and Mrs. Davidson entertained at dinner in a very happy manner. The long table was done in green and white, with marguerites and ferns, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. and Miss Langmuir and Dr. Lang.

A very quiet wedding took place in Chatham at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Atkinson, Wellington street, on Monday evening, when their eldest daughter, Miss Florest, one of the Maple City's fairest daughters, was married to Mr. Robert Mercer, son of the late Robert Mercer, Governor of Kent County jail. Only the immediate relatives were present, among them being Mrs. John Northwood, the Misses Northwood, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Northwood, Miss Atkinson of Toronto, Mrs. C. P. Rolls of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mercer, Misses Meta and Jessie Wilson. The bride was married in her traveling gown of brown silk and carried bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Helen K. Atkinson, sister of the bride, wore a white organdie dress trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and carried pink roses. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Rural Dean McCosh. Harry Northwood, cousin of the bride, was best man. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pearl sunburst, to the groomsmen gold cuff links and to the bridesmaid a gold signet ring. Miss Mattie Northwood presided at the piano and played the wedding march. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The presents were many and beautiful, as both bride



THE PRODIGAL SON.  
The latest caricature of Hall Caine.

and groom are natives of Chatham and very popular. Mr. and Mrs. Mercer left on the 8.40 Wabash for their new home in High River, Alberta, where Mr. Mercer is agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. A large number of their friends were at the depot to bid them farewell.

Mr. Ramsay, Mrs. B. B. Osler (née Ramsay), and the Misses Ramsay from Hamilton, have taken up house at 515 Huron street.

The Lilian Massey School of Household Science and Art has issued a most attractive booklet setting forth the aims and possibilities of the institution, with very pretty illustrations of the different classes at work. The patrons and staff include many important names and the work of the school is beyond praise.

Trinity Conversat takes place on next Thursday night, of which event Mrs. Mortimer Clark is head patroness. The other patronesses are Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House, Mrs. W. R. Brock, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Frederic Nicholls, Mrs. D. Symons, Miss Cartwright, Miss Strachan. Mr. George A. Ray is secretary.

Mrs. Harry Gamble gave a smart little tea on Wednesday at her home in Elm avenue, Rosedale. A few of the guests were Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Winn, Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Hellmuth, Mrs. H. Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. and Miss Emsley. Mrs. French was the guest of honor. Mrs. Wallace Helliwell and Miss Street presided in the tea-room.

Miss Viva Kerr gave a young girls' tea at Rathnelly on Wednesday afternoon at which Miss Elise Clark and her guest, Miss Caperton, were guests. The young Philadelphian looked lovely in an orchid-tinted hat in soft emerald shades and some handsome furs.

A very charming and artistic residence has just been completed for Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan at 106 Avenue road, a house which Mr. Sheridan purchased last June, but which has been "in the hands of the Philistines" (i.e. dilatory decorators) ever since. It is, however, now a most delightful home, and much admired by lovers of quaint, valuable and attractive belongings. Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Sheridan are leaving immediately for a trip to Mexico, and will be away until summer comes. They will return via California, I believe.

Talking of lectures, Trinity College Lenten lectures in aid of St. Hilda's College are already arranged, and a neat little programme was issued a few days ago. The first lecture will be delivered on Saturday, March 4, by Professor Colby of McGill University, on *Florence and Dante*; on March 11 Mr. John Francis Waters of Ottawa lectures on *Savonarola*; on March 18 Professor Fraser of 'Varsity will talk on *Raphael's artistic career in Florence*; on March 25 Professor Gay Andras of Trinity will lecture on *Benvenuto Cellini*; on April 1 Canon Welch will talk of *Florence in fiction*, and on April 8 Professor Alexander of 'Varsity will lecture on *Browning in Florence*. The flower town, as Swinburne calls Florence, is a rich and tempting subject, about which the seven lectures will treat directly or indirectly, and the course will appeal to all cultured intellects.

Owing to the melancholy event which has deprived the Strolling Players' Association of one of its most valued and talented members, the late deeply mourned Mrs. James Grayson Smith, there was no programme last Saturday afternoon, just a few of the members taking tea and exchanging heartfelt regrets over Mrs. Grayson's pathetic death. A visitor to the studio for tea, who was very much pleased with its graceful hospitality and picturesque furnishings, was Mr. W. D. Reid of St. John's, Newfoundland. Mr. Bickford and Mr. Sweeney made the guest feel much at home and had a pleasant chat over the fishing and shooting which one may enjoy in *Terra Nova*. This afternoon there will be orchestral music at the studio at five o'clock, and I heard a rumor of some interesting guests who would possibly visit the studio at that hour.

The sergeants of the 48th Highlanders give their first annual dance on Friday evening, February 3, at McConkey's. Mrs. Edward Gurney is giving a tea at her home, 36 Walmer road, on Monday from 4.30 to 7 o'clock. Miss Dora Ridout and Miss Edith Cross, two of the season's debutantes, were presented at the Drawing-room on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Pepler are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Pepler at their home in Spadina avenue. Mrs. Scott Lyons Cowley, who is with her brother, Mr. R. J. Copeland, at Crown Mount, Walmer road, will receive on February 3 and on each first Friday in the following months.

Mrs. Guthrie of Guelph has been spending the week with Mrs. Melvin-Jones. The ladies of Llawhaden returned from a most interesting visit to the Capital, where they were the cynosure of all eyes at the Opening and Drawing-room, in particularly lovely gowns. Mrs. Melvin-Jones received yesterday, her charming guest being with her and her daughter. Mrs. Loudon has invited a number of friends to meet Dr. Drummond at tea in the Chemical Building after the lecture to-day, when Dr. Drummond is to give readings from his published and unpublished poems. The readings begin at three o'clock and are the first in the lecture course of 1905. Next Saturday Rev. E. A. Wicher of St. John, N.B., will deliver an illustrated lecture on *Holiday Rambles in Japan*, a subject of the greatest interest to everyone just now.

I hear that Swami Abhedanandha of New York, successor to the late Vivakanandha, will be in Toronto the first week in February, and that some friends interested in Oriental thought and belief have arranged to have this learned teacher deliver a lecture in Conservatory Music Hall on Friday evening, February 3. This is not the Swami's first visit to Toronto, for he spent a day here some summers ago, and was delighted with the impression he got of Toronto. Should he lecture here, it will be of great interest to hear him. I remember the sensation he created some six or seven years ago in New York, where he has been residing and lecturing ever since.

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If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt.

The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep.

One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health.

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Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of all makes of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.

## Social and Personal.

THE Argonauts' dance quite justified all the rosy prophecies which were made concerning it, and if radiant good humor, bubbling fun, and incessant dancing can make a ball go, with music so inspiring that one extra good number was encored four times, then the ball of last week was a "goer" for the first money. Never were stewards more unselfish and tactful, nor hospitality to visitors in town more hearty. The party from Newfoundland, domiciled in the King Edward, were warmly welcomed to the dance by Mr. Merrick and Mr. Bremner, and the veteran sport and oarsman, Mr. Bob MacKay, who saw that the Easterners had the brightest and hand-somest partners for supper and sit-out dances, and generally gave them the gladdest hand that has been. In consequence a genial memory of Toronto's smartest oarsmen will probably linger with the distinguished visitors from the land of hardy seamen which one seems very familiar with through recent books and events. The party included Sir Edward Morris, Sir James Winter, Mr. Furlong, Mr. W. D. Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who were guests of the Argonauts and seemed to very much enjoy their evening.

The decorations of the *salle de dance* were appropriately sporty, crossed sculls, pennants and the club's colors and trophies. Supper was served as usual in the banquet hall and the lady patronesses were gallantly escorted by the stewards and prominent visiting men guests. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark gratified the oarsmen greatly by attending the ball, and the Misses Clark and Mr. Allan Magee, A.D.C., came with the Lieutenant-Governor. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a beautiful black Chantilly gown over white satin. The Misses Mortimer Clark were also in white satin and looked very well indeed. Miss Macintosh of Forbes Robertson's company, a very sweet and charming English girl, came in after the play with Mr. Frank Gray, and wore a clinging black gown and some pink carnations on the corsage. Mrs. Percy Galt, whose two daughters, the elder in pale blue and the younger in white, were much sought after, wore black prettily touched with silver, and a little silver wreath. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion were among the guests, the lady in a lace and satin costume of pale cream. Colonel Otter also attended the dance. Major and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, the latter in a very beautiful pink satin and chiffon gown, with some rich lace en bolero; Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedylth in black velvet and jet, a most becoming gown; the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Davies (née Pyne), in white touched with orange, and Mrs. R. A. Pyne in a smart black gown; Mr. and Mrs. Shepley and the Misses Shepley, Miss Beatrice being a recent *débütante*, and both enjoying the dance greatly; Mrs. McDowell Thomson in white; Mrs. Villiers Sankey in pink brocade satin, brought her handsome daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alley, the latter in a pale blue gown and looking very pretty, as she always does; Miss Dixon in pale blue, with white lace; Mrs. McClung in Dresden silk, and her daughter, Miss Norma Stevens, in white silk with pearls; Miss Wornum, in her prettiest black gown, with pink flowers; Miss Osler of Clovelly in white chiffon, and Miss Hodgins of Clovelly in a dainty pale yellow; Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Jones, the lady in a dainty gown of white *crêpe de sole* and lace; Miss Ruby Ramsay in pink with a silver-frosted wreath of filigree leaves; Mrs. Alan Macdougall Jones (née Barker), in her white satin *robe des nocces*; Miss Kemp of Castle Frank wore white and her hair was confined by a Juliet net of large pearls; Miss Susie Casals looked very pretty in a white dress with blue sash; Miss Evelyn Ridout wore a quaint gown with floral stripes and deep angel sleeves; Miss Louise Watt, pale blue veiled in lace; Miss Norah Simpson also wore pale blue. A young matron who was an entire stranger to me was very much admired in a perfectly-fitting white gown and a very fluffy collar about a delicate sparkling face. Mrs. Eastwood and her handsome daughter, as like one another as mother and daughter could be, were becomingly gowned. Miss Dimples Cosgrave looked very handsome in pale primrose. Mrs. W. Hyslop wore an exquisite grey gown with embroideries of pale pink and yellow, quite one of the most elegant at the dance. Mr. Charles A. Boone, who is out on leave from his regiment in England, was a welcome visitor. Mr. Magee was also a popular cavalier. Miss Isabel Ryerson looked very sweet, and so did radiant Miss Marjorie Cochrane. Mr. and Mrs. Eastmuir, Miss Millicent Clarkson Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Case, Mr. and Mrs. Maughan Ellis, the young matron looking her prettiest; Miss Olive Logan in a pretty pink frock, Miss Eileen Kerland in pale blue, Miss Taylor also in pale blue, Miss Rena Stegman, who looked very bright and pretty; Miss Kathleen Parmenter in her original and charming outfit of plainly parted and brushed back brown hair; Captain Walter Denison, Miss Gypsy Akers, Mr. W. Goulding, Mr. J. Macdonnell, Dr. Millicamp, Mr. Selby Martin, Mr. Ernest Fair, Mr. M. F. Young, Miss Edna and Mr. Jack Eastwood, Captain Harbottle, Miss Helen Milligan, Miss Greening, were a very few of the bright company at the ball.

One of the Toronto officers who will be greatly missed during his two years' sojourn in England is Major Archie Macdonnell, D.S.O., who left last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sinclair, who were house hunting in Toronto last month, have purchased that very handsome residence in Crescent road, Rosedale, built by Dr. Edward Fisher and recently occupied by Mrs. Willie Murray and her family. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair removed to Toronto this month and are now residing at 166 Crescent road.

Mr. G. W. Prescott and Miss Prescott of 507 Huron street have returned from a fortnight's stay at the Place Viger, Montreal.

Mrs. Leonard Boyd (née Field) will receive at the Alexandra next Wednesday afternoon, for the first time since her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd are settled in a cosy flat in the Alexandra.

Mrs. Robert H. Eason (née Garvin) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at the home of her sister, Mrs. Darrell, 24 Selby street, next Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Ewing of Montreal, who has been in town since the death of her mother, Mrs. Vickers, returned home early in the week. Miss Jette Vickers on whom has been laid for many months the care of her suffering parent, is now going south for a rest and change of air.

Very great disappointment among her family and friends results from the postponement of Mrs. Thomas Tait's return from Australia on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn until next year, when, however, instead of a six months' visit, she will remain for a year. Mr. and Mrs. Tait are kept busy by the gay world, social and official in Melbourne and their little daughter is as well known in Melbourne for her wise and witty sayings as she formerly was in Toronto.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Club took place at two o'clock on Thursday, and was very satisfactory, the report showing a fair nine months' success. MacMahon was hostess of the tea after the meeting, which was served as daintily as usual.

The initial graduating exercises of the trained nurses at the Home for Incurables Training School for Nurses takes place next Friday evening at half past eight. The event is under the patronage of His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark. The graduating class numbers six, Miss Ida Davis, Miss Agnes Oliver, Miss Florence Mercer, Miss Emma Price, Miss Ida Muselman and Miss Marion Gregory. Mrs. Russell Duncan will sing during the evening.

The furnishing committee of the woman's residence of University College hold an afternoon reception and tea, for which invitations have been sent out, on next Monday afternoon at five o'clock, at Queen's Hall, 7 Queen's Park, the lately completed woman students' residence. Many useful and valuable gifts have been made during the past fortnight to the residence, Mrs. Mortimer Clark having provided a fine grandfather's clock, to the great pleasure of the committee.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Duncan have settled at "Edgewood," 141 College street.

Mrs. Alfred Marsh (née Proudfoot), gave a tea for Mrs. George of Alleghany, Penn., on Wednesday at her residence in Jarvis street, at which many old friends of the guest of honor, who was Miss Proudfoot, were charmed to meet her

again. A party of young maidens looked after the company in the tea-room.

The cotillion to be danced at the Valentine Night ball given by the Daughters of the Empire is taking definite shape under the guidance of Mrs. Arthur of Ravenswood. Miss Elsie Mortimer Clark has consented to lead one line and Miss Kathleen Melvin-Jones the other, the lines representing night and morning. Besides the cotillion there will be any number of beautiful dances, gotten up by the society women identified with the Order, and the whole affair promises a most brilliant effect. Several of the enthusiastic "Daughters" are coming from neighboring cities.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro is remaining in town until next week, and is now the guest of Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth.

The Misses Virginia and Helen Hugel have gone away for some months from town.

Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill was the guest of Mrs. Hugh Fleming during her stay in Ottawa.

Those who knew and admired Gertrude Mackenzie as a star and a beauty in opera were very glad to welcome her as a bride at her post-nuptial reception this week, and many old friends who have been pleased with her successful career are doubly pleased that she and her husband, Mr. Hodgins, are settled in Toronto. Mrs. Hodgins looked very handsome in a white ball gown at her reception, and will receive at 82 Summerhill avenue on the second and fourth Thursdays.

Among the guests at Lady Laurie's first tea were Miss Irene Dymond of Barrie, Mrs. P. D. Crerar of Hamilton, Mrs. Adam Beck of London, Miss FitzGibbon of Toronto, Mrs. Gilbert McIntyre of St. Mary's, and Mrs. and Miss Gibson of Beamsville.

The advent of a little daughter on January 4 to Mr. and Mrs. G. Duncan Lamont of Spadina avenue evoked many good wishes and congratulations from their friends.

Miss Laing gave a pleasant tea on Thursday at her home in Bedford road.

Mrs. W. H. Lee received last Tuesday for the first time in her new home, one of the prettiest in that region of charming residences known as Spottess Town. Mrs. Lee was assisted by Mrs. Morris and her small daughter was also in the drawing-room, proudly nursing her aunt's (Mrs. Christie) farewell gift of a grand new doll. Mrs. Lee wore pale blue with cream lace and was the essence of hospitality. The tea-table was arranged with some rare china in the hall, and the *bijou* home was thrown open to all the admiring critics, who had only praise for every dainty and artistic apartment. Many callers remembered Mrs. Lee's first reception in Crescent road.

Mrs. McWhinney, also recently settled in Crescent road, held her first reception in her very handsome new home on Tuesday afternoon. House and hostess are alike all that is smart and attractive, and many visitors loaded their hosts with compliments and congratulations. Mrs. McWhinney looked very pretty in a primrose gown, highly relieved with mauve, and was assisted by her elder sister, Mrs. Cooper, formerly of New York, but since her widowhood residing in Toronto. Crescent road, which has more pretty women to the block than any other thoroughfare in Toronto, is much enriched by the two newcomers, Mrs. McWhinney and Mrs. Lee.

Farewell teas have occupied many afternoons since our last chronicle of social doings, the largest being Mrs. Churchill Patton's, given on Saturday at her home in Gerard street, opposite Allan Gardens. Mrs. Patton's *beau-frère*, Dr. W. R. Patton, now a resident of Germany, left this week for the Continent, but I hear there is a possibility of his permanent return in a year or so. During the past year he has made a great many new friends here who appreciate his many fine qualities, and who, as well as his sister and hostess, Mrs. Carlyle, will greatly miss his bright company. The tea was given as a by-by and *bon voyage* to him. Mrs. and Miss Carlyle assisted Mrs. Patton in the reception of some hundreds of guests, and Mrs. Moore, Miss Patton, Miss Gladys Montgomery and Miss D. Patton were in charge of the tea-room, where a smart table, bright with red flowers and lights, held the usual good things of the five o'clocker. The color tone of the decoration in the drawing-room was golden yellow, for daffodils are just now in their greatest beauty, the florists' windows looking like a flood of sunshine. Space does not allow of a list of the guests at Mrs. Patton's most successful tea.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Florence Kemp of Castle Frank was hostess in chief of a real "beauty tea," given for her bride and girl friends, and attended by a galaxy of loveliness not often seen, or seen to such advantage as in the spacious and elegant precincts of Castle Frank. Mrs. Kemp received with her daughter, having for the nonce given the place of honor to her, and also all the arrangements for the delightful hour. A few young matrons were scattered among the girls and the brides, and the merry party soon crowded the tea-room, where a large table was set with all sorts of good things, and decorated with splendid crimson carnations. The sherbets and ices carried out the heartsome touch of color very completely. The guests kept arriving until long after six o'clock, and lingered, well amused, until the last moment. Delightful as was the indoor cheer, it was scarcely equal to the sight which met the eyes of late ones emerging from the cosy luxury of Castle Frank into the glorious stillness and beauty of the moonlight on the sylvan glades in their glazed covering of snow, which shone like silver armor in the bright light. One could scarcely believe that a few minutes' walk would land one upon a trolley car. At the tea a bevy of pretty girls waited upon their friends, and an extra pretty one was the school-girl, Miss Hazel Kemp, who had a little holiday from Westbourne for her sister's entertainment. Mrs. Scott Walde, the eldest daughter of Castle Frank, was a belle among the brides, among whom was also Mrs. McIntosh (née Henderson), who held her post-nuptial reception this week. Mrs. Harry Gamble looked very lovely, and so did Miss Mollie Walde, *faisant princeps* among the *filles de la maison*. Mr. Kemp was discovered in the library with his evening paper, but declined to be "the only pebble" with masculine perversity.

The Skating Club had a jolly meeting on Tuesday and found the ice in very fine condition. Many farewells are being said to the Misses Matthews, who have always taken great interest in the club. Several teas and other functions have been given to bid them and their mother *bon voyage* to Europe. Miss Kerr of Rathnelly and Miss Gwen Darling of Ravensmount were in charge of the tea-room on Tuesday afternoon. Some of the skaters were: Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Miss Helen Cattannach, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Miss Lilie Walde of Glenhurst, Miss Spragge, the Misses Miles, Miss Wornum, Miss Emily Adams, Miss Eric Temple, Miss Dawson, Miss Matthews, Miss Osler of Clovelly, Miss McTavish, Messrs. Selby Martin, H. Martin, F. Matthews, M. Cameron, Victor Heron, H. Baldwin, Scarth, Ryerson, Lefroy, Murphy, Lindsay and many others.

A very handsome memorial window has just been placed in St. Paul's Church, Bloor street. The window is divided into two lights, with a mullion in the center. One half contains the full-length figure of our Lord as the Good Shepherd, the other the figure of St. John the Divine, which is also full length, and in each half is a very artistic and richly-colored base and canopy. The tracery above these figures contains an angel bearing a scroll with the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The coloring of the entire window is extremely rich and very harmonious. Particularly are we impressed with the artistic drawing of the figures and the expression on the faces, which are remarkably good and life-like. At the bottom of the window is Robert H. Gray and the Glory of God, and in memory of Robert Jenkins, 1924. The entire window is executed in the best English style of glass staining, which requires to be so often fired in the kiln, and is guaranteed by this process to stand the severe test of this or any climate without change or detriment to the window in any way. This work of art is from the studios of the Lyon Stained Glass Company of this city, and reflects great credit on the establishment and is a proof that it is not necessary to send out of this country to procure work of the highest merit.

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You deposit nothing. You risk nothing. You promise nothing. There is nothing to pay either now or later. I want everyone, everywhere, who has not used my remedy to make this test.

For mine is no ordinary remedy. It represents thirty years of experiment—thirty years at bedside—in laboratories—at hospitals. Thirty years of the richest experience a physician can have. I tell below wherein Dr. Shoop's Restorative differs, radically, from other medicines.

My offer is as broad as humanity itself. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hotel.

I want no reference—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. To one and all I say, "Merely write and ask." Simply say that you have never tried my remedy—for I must limit my offer to strangers—those who have used Dr. Shoop's Restorative need no additional evidence of its worth. I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you free, the full dollar package.

### Inside Nerves!

Sickness loses half its terrors when we strip medicine of its mystery. For most all forms of sickness start in the same way. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguessed and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the all-giving organ—the irregular heart—the diseased liver—the rebellious stomach—the dejected kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not do the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go to the seat of the trouble—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

### Simply Write Me.

I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine. I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense also.

The offer is open to everyone everywhere, who has not tried my remedy. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. At 4 cents I will send you the test. I will then direct you to one that I think is best for you. I will send you this stock as freely as though your dollar lay before me. I am asking my best—my life work—my reputation. I am depending on your own honest opinion after your own test in your own home. I cannot profit unless my medicine succeeds. Could I afford this if I were not sure? Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest in your sincerity?

For a free order for a full dollar bottle you must address Dr. Shoop, Box 80, Raleigh, N. C. Write which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 2 on the Heart. Book 3 on the Kidneys. Book 4 for Women. Book 5 on Men. Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, are often cured with one or two bottles. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

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### Benefits of Perspiration.

The real benefit of the Turkish Bath is from the perspiration it induces.

Perspiration carries off poisonous acids which cause rheumatism and gout.

It opens the pores and rids the system of the grippe germ, clears up the mucous passages in the head and gives that feeling of buoyancy one feels in getting rid of a cold.

Cook's Steam Room is the best equipped steam room on the continent for inducing free perspiration.

If your habits are sedentary, your health requires the Turkish Bath regularly, and you can get no better bath in America than at Cook's.

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SITUATION WANTED. Active young man wants work in wholesale hardware or furniture warehouse. "Business C6," SATURDAY NIGHT.

EXCURSION TO EUROPE. The handsomely illustrated pamphlet of the summer excursion to Europe of the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto, will be sent free to any address on application to him.

COIN COLLECTION for sale; valued at \$75; will dispose of same for \$55, or trade for fur-lined coat of best quality. "Business C11," SATURDAY NIGHT.

FOX TERRIER for sale; ten months old; pedigree dog, of great intelligence and fine appearance. Particulars on application to "Business C4," SATURDAY NIGHT.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED, by young couple, for six months or a year; must be in good locality, not more than ten rooms, and well furnished. Write, stating terms and giving full information, to "Business C12," SATURDAY NIGHT.

HOUSEKEEPER—Cheerful, intelligent young widow, Scotch, experienced housekeeper, qualified business and needlewoman, desires position with gentleman of means; bachelor or widower; royal references. "Business C20," SATURDAY NIGHT.

BUFFALO ROBE, a very large bull hide, also a Vacuna lap robe; both lined and trimmed and in fine condition. Address "Business C30," SATURDAY NIGHT.

WANTED—Old mahogany set of six dining chairs, also other pieces; state prices; no dealers. "Business C35," SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## The Story of Ito Norisuke

BY LARCAIO HEARN

In the town of Uji, in the Province of Yamashiro, there lived, about six hundred years ago, a young samurai named Ito Tatetsuki Norisuke, whose ancestors were of the Heike clan. Ito was of handsome person and amiable character, a good scholar and apt at arms. But his family were poor, and he had no patron among the military nobility—so that his prospects were small. He lived in a very quiet way, devoting himself to the study of literature, and having (says the Japanese story-teller) "only the Moon and the Wind for friends."

One autumn evening, as he was taking a solitary walk in the neighborhood of the hill called Kotobikiyama, he happened to overtake a young girl who was following the same path. She was richly dressed, and seemed to be about eleven or twelve years old. Ito greeted her, and said, "The sun will soon be setting, damsel, and this is rather a lonesome place. May I ask if you have lost your way?" She looked up at him with a bright smile, and answered deprecatingly: "Nay! I am a *miya-dzukai* (August-residence servant), serving in this neighborhood; and I have only a little way to go."

By her use of the term *miya-dzukai*, Ito knew that the girl must be in the service of persons of rank; and her statement surprised him, because he had never heard of any family of distinction residing in that vicinity. But he only said: "I am returning to Uji, where my home is. Perhaps you will allow me to accompany you on the way, as this is a very lonesome place." She thanked him gracefully, seeming pleased by his offer; and they walked on together, chatting as they went. She talked about the weather, the flowers, the butterflies, and the birds; about a visit that she had once made to Uji; about the famous sights of the capital, where she had been born—and the moments passed pleasantly for Ito, as he listened to her fresh prattle. Presently, at a turn in the road, they entered a hamlet, densely shadowed by a grove of young trees.

[Here I must interrupt the story to tell you that, without having actually seen them, you cannot imagine how dark some Japanese country villages remain even in the brightest and hottest weather. In the neighborhood of Tokio itself there are many villages of this kind. At a short distance from such a settlement you see no houses; nothing is visible but a dense grove of evergreen trees. The grove, which is usually composed of young cedars and bamboos, serves to shelter the village from storms and also to supply timber for various purposes. So closely are the trees planted that there is no room to pass between the trunks of them: they stand straight as masts, and mingle their crests so as to form a roof that excludes the sun. Each thatched cottage occupies a clear space in the plantation, the trees forming a fence about it, double the height of the building. Under the trees it is always twilight, even at high noon; and the houses, morning or evening, are half in shadow. What makes the first impression of such a village almost disquieting is, not the transparent gloom, which has a certain weird charm of its own, but the stillness. There may be fifty or a hundred dwellings; but you see nobody; and you hear no sound but the twitter of invisible birds, the occasional crowing of cocks, and the shrilling of cicadae. Even the cicadae, however, find these groves too dim, and sing faintly; being sun-lovers, they prefer the trees outside the village. I forgot to say that you may sometimes hear a viewless shuttle—*chaka-ton, chaka-ton*—but that familiar sound, in the great green silence, seems an elfish happening. The reason of the hush is simply that the people are not at home. All the adults, excepting some feeble elders, have gone

to the neighboring fields, the women carrying their babies on their backs; and most of the children have gone to the nearest school, perhaps not less than a mile away. Verily, in these dim hushed villages one seems to behold the mysterious perpetuation of conditions recorded in the texts of Kwang-Tze:

"The ancients who had the nourishment of the world wished for nothing, and the world had enough;—they did nothing, and all things were transformed;—their stillness was abyssal, and the people were all composed."

The village was very dark when Ito reached it; for the sun had set, and the after-glow made no twilight in the shadowing of the trees. "Now, kind sir," the child said, pointing to a narrow lane opening upon the main road, "I have to go this way." "Permit me, then, to see you home," Ito responded; and he turned into the lane with her, feeling rather than seeing his way. But the girl soon stopped before a small gate, dimly visible in the gloom—a gate of trellis-work, beyond which the lights of a dwelling could be seen. "Here," she said, "is the honorable residence in which I serve. As you have come thus far out of your way, sir, will you not deign to enter and to rest a while?" Ito assented. He was pleased by the informal invitation; and he wished to learn what persons of superior condition had chosen to reside in so lonesome a village. He knew that sometimes a family of rank would retire in this manner from public life, by reason of government displeasure or political trouble; and he imagined that such might be the history of the occupants of the dwelling before him. Passing the gate, which his young guide opened for him, he found himself in a large quiet garden. A miniature landscape, traversed by a winding stream, was faintly distinguishable. "Deign for one little moment to wait," the child said; "I go to announce the honorable coming;" and she hurried toward the house. It was a spacious house, but seemed very old, and built in the fashion of another time. The sliding doors were not closed; but the lighted interior was concealed by a beautiful bamboo curtain extending along the gallery-front. Behind it shadows were moving—shadows of women—and suddenly the music of the *koto* rippled into the night. So light and sweet was the playing that Ito could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. A slumbrous feeling of delight stole over him as he listened—a delight strangely mingled with sadness. He wondered how any woman could have learned to play thus—wondered whether the player could be a woman—wondered even whether he was hearing earthly music; for enchantment seemed to have entered into his blood with the sound of it.

The soft music ceased, and almost at the same moment Ito found the little *miya-dzukai* beside him. "Sir," she said, "it is requested that you will honorably enter." She conducted him to the entrance, where he removed his sandals; and an aged woman, whom he thought to be the *Rojo*, or matron of the household, came to welcome him at the threshold. The old woman then led him through many apartments to a large and well-lighted room in the rear of the house, and with many respectful salutations requested him to take the place of honor accorded to guests of distinction. He was surprised by the stateliness of the chamber, and the curious beauty of its decorations. Presently some maid-servants brought refreshments; and he noticed that the cups and other vessels set before him were of rare and costly workmanship, and ornamented with a design indicating the high rank of the possessor. More and more he wondered what noble person had chosen this lonely retreat, and what happening could have inspired the wish for such solitude. But the aged attendant suddenly interrupted his reflections with the question:

"Am I wrong in supposing that you are Ito Sama of Uji—Ito Tatetsuki Norisuke?"

Ito bowed in assent. He had not told his name to the little *miya-dzukai*, and the manner of the inquiry startled him. "Please do not think my question rude," continued the attendant. "An old woman like myself may ask questions without improper curiosity. When you came to the house, I thought that I knew your face, and I asked your name only to clear away all doubt, before speaking of other matters. I have something of moment to tell you. You often pass through this village, and our young *Himegimi-Sama* [a scarcely translatable honorific title compounded of the word *hime* (princess) and *kimi* (sovereign, master, or mistress, lord or lady, etc.)] happened one morning to see you going by—and ever since that moment she has been thinking about you, day and night. Indeed, she thought so much that she became ill; and we have been very uneasy about her. For that reason I took means to find out your name and residence, and I was on the point of sending you a letter when—so unexpectedly!—you came to our gate with the little attendant. Now, to say how happy I am to see you is not possible; it seems almost too fortunate a happening to be true! Really I think that this meeting must have been brought about by the favor of Enmusubi-no-Kami—that great God of Izumo who ties the knots of fortunate union. And now that so lucky a destiny has led you hither, perhaps you will not refuse—if there be no obstacle in the way of such a union—to make happy the heart of our *Himegimi-Sama*?"

For the moment Ito did not know how to reply. If the old woman had spoken the truth, an extraordinary chance was being offered to him. Only a great passion could impel the daughter of a noble house to seek, of her own will, the affection of an obscure and masterless samurai, possessing neither wealth nor any sort of prospects. On the other hand, it was not in the honorable nature of the man to further his own interests by taking advantage of a

feminine weakness. Moreover, the circumstances were disquietingly mysterious. Yet how to decline the proposal, so unexpectedly made, troubled him not a little. After a short silence, he replied:

"There would be no obstacle, as I have no wife, and no betrothed, and no relation with any woman. Until now I have lived with my parents, and the matter of my marriage was never discussed by them. You must know that I am a poor samurai, without any patron among persons of rank, and I did not wish to marry until I could find some chance to improve my condition. As to the proposal which you have done me the very great honor to make, I can only say that I know myself yet unworthy of the notice of any noble maiden."

The old woman smiled as if pleased by these words, and responded: "Until you have seen our *Himegimi-Sama*, it were better that you make no decision. Perhaps you will feel no hesitation after you have seen her. Deign now to come with me, that I may present you to her."

She conducted him to another larger guest-room, where preparations for a feast had been made, and having shown him the place of honor, left him for a moment alone. She returned accompanied by the *Himegimi-Sama*, and, at the first sight of the young mistress, Ito felt again the strange thrill of wonder and delight that had come to him in the garden, as he listened to the music of the *koto*. Never had he dreamed of so beautiful a being. Light seemed to radiate from her presence, and to shine through her garments, as the light of the moon through flossy clouds; her loosely flowing hair swayed about her as she moved, like the boughs of the drooping willow bestirred by the breezes of spring; her lips were like flowers of the peach besprinkled with morning dew. Ito was bewildered by the vision. He asked himself whether he was not looking upon the person of Amano-kawara-no-Ori-Hime herself—the Weaving-Maiden who dwells by the shining River of Heaven.

Smiling, the aged woman turned to the fair one, who remained speechless, with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks, and said to her: "See, my child!—at the moment when we could least have hoped for such a thing, the very person whom you wished to meet has come of his own accord. So fortunate a happening could have been brought about only by the will of the high gods. To think of it makes me weep for joy." As she sobbed aloud, "But now," she continued, wiping away her tears with her sleeve, "it only remains for you both—unless either prove unworthy, which I doubt—to pledge yourselves to each other, and to partake of your wedding feast."

Ito answered by no word; the incomparable vision before him had numbed his will and tied his tongue. Maid-servants entered, bearing dishes and wine; the wedding feast was spread before the pair, and the pledges were given. Ito nevertheless remained as in a trance: the marvel of the adventure, and the wonder of the beauty of the bride, still bewildered him. A gladness, beyond what he had ever known before, filled his heart like a great silence. But gradually he recovered his wonted calm; and thereafter he found himself able to converse without embarrassment. Of the wine he partook freely; and he ventured to speak, in a self-deprecating but merry way, about the doubts and fears that had oppressed him. Meanwhile the bride remained still as moonlight, never lifting her eyes, and replying only by a blush or a smile when he addressed her.

Ito said to the aged attendant: "Many times, in my solitary walks, I have passed through this village without knowing of the existence of this honorable dwelling. And ever since entering here, I have been wondering why this noble household should have chosen so lonesome a place of sojourn. Now that your *Himegimi-Sama* and I have become pledged to each other, it seems to me a strange thing that I do not yet know the name of her august family."

At this utterance a shadow passed over the kindly face of the old woman, and the bride, who had yet hardly spoken, turned pale, and appeared to become painfully anxious. After some moments of silence the aged woman responded:

"To keep our secret from you much longer would be difficult, and I think that, under any circumstances, you should be made aware of the fact, now that you are one of us. Know, then, Sir Ito, that your bride is the daughter of Shigehira-Kyo, the great and unfortunate San-mi Chijo."

At those words—"Shigehira-Kyo, San-mi Chijo"—the young samurai felt a chill, as of ice, strike through all his veins. Shigehira-Kyo, the great Heike general and statesman, had been dead for centuries. And Ito suddenly understood that everything around him—the chamber and the lights and the banquet—was a dream of the past; that the forms before him were not people, but shadows of people dead.

But in another instant the icy chill had passed, and the charm returned, and he seemed to deepen about him, and he felt no fear. Though his bride had come to him out of Yomi—out of the place of the Yellow Springs of death—his heart had been wholly won. Who weds a ghost must become a ghost—yet he knew himself ready to die, not once, but many times, rather than betray by word or look one thought that might bring a shadow of pain to the brow of the beautiful illusion before him. Of the affection proffered he had no misgiving; the truth had been told him when any un-

loving purpose might better have been served by deception. But these thoughts and emotions passed in a flash, leaving him resolved to accept the strange situation as it had presented itself, and to act just as he would have done if chosen, in the years of Ju-ei, by Shigehira's daughter.

"Ah, the pity of it!" he exclaimed; "I have heard of the cruel fate of the august Lord Shigehira."

"Ay," responded the aged woman, sobbing as she spoke—"it was indeed a cruel fate. His horse, you know, was killed by an arrow, and fell upon him; and when he called for help, those who had lived upon his bounty deserted him in his need. Then he was taken prisoner and sent to Kamakura, where they treated him shamefully, and at last put him to death." His wife and child—this dear maid here—were then in hiding, for everywhere the Heike were being sought out and killed. When the news of the Lord Shigehira's death reached us, the pain proved too great for the mother to bear, so the child was left with no one to care for her but me—since her kindred had all perished or disappeared. She was only five years old. I had been her milk-nurse, and I did what I could for her. Year after year we wandered from place to place, traveling in pilgrim-garb. . . . But these tales of grief are ill-timed," exclaimed the nurse, wiping away her tears—"pardon the foolish heart of an old woman who cannot forget the past. See! the little maid whom I fostered has now become a *Himegimi-Sama* indeed!—we were living in the good days of the Emperor Takakura, what a destiny might be reserved for her! However, she has obtained the husband whom she desired; that is the greatest happiness. . . . But the hour is late. The bridal-chamber has been prepared, and I must now leave you to care for each other until morning."

She rose, and sliding back the screens parting the guest-room from the adjoining chamber, ushered them to their sleeping apartment. Then, with many words of joy and congratulation, she withdrew, and Ito was left alone with his bride.

As they reposed together, Ito said: "Tell me, my loved one, when was it that you first wished to have me for your husband?"

(For everything appeared so real that he had almost ceased to think of the illusion woven around him.) She answered, in a voice like a dove's voice: "My august lord and husband, it was at the temple of Ishiyama, where I went with my foster-mother, that I saw you for the first time. And because of seeing you, the world became changed to me from that hour and moment. But you do not remember, because our meeting was not in this, your present life; it was very, very long ago. Since that time have passed through many deaths and births, and have had many comely bodies. But I have remained always that which you see me now: I could not obtain another body, nor enter into another state of existence, because of my great wish for you. My dear lord and husband, I have waited for you through many ages of men."

And the bridegroom felt nowise afraid at hearing these strange words, but desired nothing more in life, or in all his lives to come, than to feel her arms about him, and to hear the caress of her voice.

But the pealing of a temple-bell proclaimed the coming of dawn. Birds began to twitter; a morning breeze set all the trees a-whispering. Suddenly the old nurse pushed apart the sliding screens of the bridal-chamber, and exclaimed:

"My children, it is time to separate! By daylight you must not be together, even for an instant: that were fatal! You must bid each other good-by."

Without a word, Ito made ready to depart. He vaguely understood the warning uttered, and resigned himself wholly to destiny. His will belonged to him no more; he desired only to please his shadowy bride.

She placed in his hands a little *suzuri*, or ink-stone, curiously carved, and said: "My young lord and husband is a scholar, therefore this small gift will probably not be despised by him. It is of strange fashion, because it is old, having been augustly bestowed upon my father by the favor of the Emperor Takakura. For that reason only, I thought it to be a precious thing."

Ito, in return, besought her to accept for a remembrance the *kogai* (this was the name given to a pair of metal rods attached to a sword-sheath, and used like chop-sticks; they were sometimes exquisitely ornamented) of his work, which were decorated with inlaid work of silver and gold, representing plum-flowers and nightingales.

Then the little *miya-dzukai* came to guide him through the garden, and his bride with her foster-mother accompanied him to the threshold.

As he turned at the foot of the steps to make his parting salute, the old woman said:

"We shall meet again the next Year of the Boar, at the same hour of the same day of the same month that you came here. This being the Year of the Tiger, you will have to wait ten years. But, for reasons which I must not say, we shall not be able to meet again in this place; we are going to the neighborhood of Kyoto, where the good Emperor Takakura and our fathers and many of our people are dwelling. All

\*Shigehira, after a brave fight in defence of the capital—then held by the Taira (or Heike) party—was surprised and routed by Yoshitsune, leader of the Minamoto forces. A soldier named Iyénaga, who was a skilled archer, shot down Shigehira's horse, and Shigehira fell under the struggling animal. He cried to an attendant to bring another horse, but the man fled. Shigehira was then captured by Iyénaga and eventually given up to Yoritomo, head of the Minamoto clan, who caused him to be sent in a cage to Kamakura. There, after sundry humiliations, he was treated for a time with consideration—having been able, by a Chinese poem, to touch even the cruel heart of Yoritomo. But in the following year he was executed by request of the Buddhist priests of Nanto, against whom he had formerly waged war by order of Kiyomori.

the Heike will be rejoiced by your coming. We shall send a *kago* (a kind of palanquin) for you on the appointed day."

Above the village the stars were burning as Ito passed the gate; but on reaching the open road he saw the dawn brightening beyond leagues of silent fields. In his bosom he carried the gift of his bride. The charm of her voice lingered in his ears—and, nevertheless, had it not been for the memento which he touched with questioning fingers, he could have persuaded himself that the memories of the night were memories of sleep, and that his life still belonged to him.

But the certainty that he had doomed himself evoked no least regret; he was troubled only by the pain of separation, and the thought of the seasons that would have to pass before the illusion could be renewed for him. Ten years!—and every day of those years would seem how long! The mystery of the delay he could not hope to solve; the secret ways of the dead are known to the gods alone.

Often and often, in his solitary walks, Ito revisited the village at Kotobikiyama, vaguely hoping to obtain another glimpse of the past. But never again, by night or by day, was he able to find the rustic gate in the shadowed lane; never again could he perceive the figure of the little *miya-dzukai*, walking alone in the sunset-glow.

The village people, whom he questioned carefully, thought him bewitched. No person of rank, they said, had ever dwelt in the settlement, and there had never been, in the neighborhood, any such garden as he described. But there had once been a great Buddhist temple near the place of which he spoke, and some grave-stones of the temple-cemetery were still to be seen. Ito discovered the monuments in the middle of a dense thicket. They were of an ancient Chinese form and were covered with moss and lichens. The characters that had been cut upon them could no longer be deciphered.

Of his adventure Ito spoke to no one. But friends and kindred soon perceived a great change in his appearance and manner. Day by day he seemed to become more pale and thin—though physicians declared that he had no bodily ailment; he looked like a ghost, and moved like a shadow. Thoughtful and solitary he had always been, but now he appeared indifferent to everything which had formerly given him pleasure—even to those literary studies by means of which he might have hoped to win distinction. To his mother—who thought that marriage might quicken his former ambition and revive his interest in life—he said that he had made a vow to marry no living woman. And the months dragged by the Year of the Boar, and the season of autumn; but Ito could no longer take the solitary walks that he loved. He could not even rise from his bed. His life was ebbing, though none could divine the cause, and he slept so deeply and so long that his sleep was often mistaken for death.

Out of such a sleep he was startled, one bright evening, by the voice of a child, and he saw at his bedside the little *miya-dzukai* who had guided him, ten years before, to the gate of the vanished garden. She saluted him, and smiled, and said: "I am bidden to tell you that you will be received to-night at Ohara, near Kyoto, where the new home is, and that a *kago* has been sent for you." Then she disappeared.

Ito knew that he was being summoned away from the light of the sun, but the message so rejoiced him that he found strength to sit up and call his mother. To her he then for the first time related the story of his bridal, and she showed her the ink-stone which had been given him. He asked that it should be placed in his coffin—and then he died.

The ink-stone was buried with him. But, before the funeral ceremonies, it was examined by experts, who said that it had been made in the period of Jo-an (1169 A.D.), and that it bore the seal-mark of an artist who had lived in the time of the Emperor Takakura—*Atlantic Monthly*.

### How To Become An Old Maid.

"Do not seek the attentions of young men."

"Never notice the men who look at you from the corner of their eyes."

"Do not employ little devices to attract young men; a man of real worth will seek you for yourself alone."

"Do not encourage the attentions of too many; such conduct lowers a woman."

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**LADY GAY'S COLUMN**

ONE does not realize the full measure of life's possibilities in the matter of exasperation until one has to wear "occasional" spectacles. Loss of friends, loss of means, all the great catastrophes of life, have their times and seasons, but loss of glasses, like the brook, goes on forever. How many times does one slip the dark leather case into one's shopping-bag, present of the need of keen sight in buying some fabric which must be flawless, and on opening the leather case at the counter find emptiness only? The spectacles are meanwhile folded up in the magazine, or taking a siesta on the piano, or journeying to the garbage-bin in the waste-paper basket, or doing any of the impish things of which spectacles are capable in the absentee line. Mine have not yet achieved the feat of roosting aloft on my cranium while I turn the flat upside down hunting for them, but they have done every other trick of hide-and-go-seek which the most advanced intellect could conceive, and I'm sure they have forty more wicked ways in reserve, perhaps, in their sort of protest against the abundance of "pomp" which prevents the roosting so easy and exalted to more lucky specs, whose much-tried wearers have provided bald spots for them.

"Self pity," said the man, "is the most ungracious, trying and demoralizing of indulgences." The person who not only has a perpetual grievance, but insists upon airing it, ends by finding him or herself shunned by everyone except a few dutiful or apathetic persons who must at least pretend to listen to it. Such grievance-mongers write letters to the papers about crowded cars, not that such do any good, but the habit must be indulged, and you may count upon hearing from them upon any abuse or wrong which affects their personal comfort, although others' weal or woe doesn't rouse them. The self-pitying person is never the philanthropist; his protest and sympathy begin and end at home. The outside world yawns, jeers, sometimes amiably "jollies him along," but never for one instant forgets to label him a nuisance and a bore.

"Is the world getting better or worse?" was the question I sent some time ago to a dozen different representative persons, of whom I can answer in due time. A noted detective says emphatically that the world is getting better every day; a bishop of liberal mind says the world is without doubt attaining higher and fairer standards every year; a countess says her husband says the world is decidedly improving, but so are his circumstances, and womanlike, she cannot handle an abstract question—her verdict is, however, in the affirmative for good; a judge assures me that any student of human nature and events will conclude that conditions are sensibly improving and philanthropy advancing. The mayor of a Canadian city thinks that things are "shaping towards progress," whatever that means. A famous actor says that the public more independent of judgment, while their tone to his profession is more liberal and sympathetic, and that so far as he sees it from the shiny side of the footlights the world is all right, but that he has no time to look into it thoroughly. A woman singer says: "No better, no worse, so far as I know. The world still weeps when it is sorry and laughs when it is glad, like the great child that it is. God's child, who will never grow old. Don't ask me foolish questions, about it, little Lady Gay! for a singer has always found listeners and crept into their hearts, and there found only good, always good!" A great financial magnate says: "Certainly, the world is learning, and knowledge is power, and the correct use of power is the more we know the better we should act and be." A wild Irishman says: "Better? Oh, I suppose so. There's less of heart and more of head to the fore, my dear. We're all lookin' out for ourselves instead of the next man, and life is rather a bit of a rush. Well, 'tis perhaps better, on the whole, but I'm not ravin' over it, ye know." And the friend of my heart thus discourses: "There is certainly improvement. Things which were formerly taken as a matter of course and accepted submissively are now protested against, corrected, ameliorated. If one did not believe the whole thing was most hopeless and unhappy." As a matter of fact, I present the above for your consideration.

The two who did not answer were a politician and a priest. Can it be because of some innate mistrust and wariness that these two, out of the dozen, failed to express their belief in the progress of our world? I have waited six months for their response, but no! neither the politician nor the priest (both personal friends) have sent their verdict, ay or no, to this question on the progress of humanity. Perhaps they too see even more of the shady side of life than the detective, the money-maker, or the play-actor; perhaps what they know closes their mouths, the secrets of the confessional and the caucus may not be lightly divulged. Who can tell why, of twelve that I questioned, only the priest and the politician would not (or dared not) reply?

The building up of a friendship is a beautiful and heartsome work. Do you know its beginning, the great moment when of some great favor, about which one may group lesser and more precious stones—the blue of esteem, the red of love, the white of perfect trust? Or perhaps, just at first, a little chain of careless-thrown pebbles, the chance meetings that by and by result in the heart-hunger (even ever so faint), which leads one to pile more and more pebbles of chance intercourse and choose larger and larger ones and cement all together with congenial

tastes, beliefs, pursuits! Or perhaps, again, one "begins with a little aversion," and the wills and opinions clash in conflict until one or other cries enough, and hands clasp in amity; two strong souls in arms against any common foe, as the Dumas soldiers cried, "All for each and each for all!" Sometimes the building up of a friendship results in ruin, the house built upon the sand, and as it lies fragmentary about us, we bewail the perfidy, the fickleness of humanity, and never consider the feregone doom of a foundationless structure. One hears so often the bitter cry, "And I thought he (or she) was my friend!" when this carelessly built friendship temple comes tumbling down, burying shrine and devotee together. It is a wise thing to be friendly with all mankind, but not to look for friendship in equal abundance. Only here and there comes the sterling worth of stone, the strength and quality of cement, the wise laying of foundation, four-square as truth, that result in the building up of the life-long friendship.

I wonder where all the lost things go. Reading over the advertisements of such makes one think one could make a good living poking around looking for the dogs and watches and rings and parcels and furs and cloaks with which careless people seem to be strewn the streets. The touch of pathos in the advertisement which recounts the fact of the lady's portrait in the inner watch case of the gentleman who apparently couldn't "keep time" with his belongings while traversing "— street;" the appealing inscription, "Will to Mary," which is given as identification of a female time-piece which has strayed from its moorings; the delightful recklessness of the grip of clothing which was "lost in or around Toronto Junction" (and the Junction on the water-wagon, too!) and the dashing cut-brilliant chain which was "a keepsake," all jostling one another in one column of "Losts," with their right and lawful addresses plaintively set forth, in a sort of "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey" minor wail. Where are they now, the bull pup with the split ear and the terrier who answers to "Rough"—no doubt "on rats" being understood? Did you ever get anything back which you advertised? I did once, a watch, for which a reward was paid, per instructions, only the watch, having reposed in the trolley rail, rather resembling a bent tin disc, and was greeted by the repairer with a derisive grin, as he explained its injuries to me. I rather think the finder and restorer must have had a quiet smile when he pocketed the reward! Here is a funny "lost" which just caught my glance: "Pair of gold spectacles, by old lady, one eye out." That old lady had better keep both eyes out in future! The only loss at which no one can laugh appears now and then. "An envelope, containing a workman's week's wages." Can you fancy what a reception may await that poor chap, even with the advertisement to support his story, if he is the possessor of the average amount of encumbrances? Truly one can dream away a fanciful hour over the columns of almost any part of one's daily paper!

**LADY GAY.**

God never loved me in so sweet a way before,  
Tis he alone who can such blessings send.  
And when his love would new expression find  
He brought thee to me, and He said,  
"Behold a friend."

THOMAS HUGHES.

**Ballooning For Consumptives.**

From experiments which have been conducted by a French scientist, the value of balloon ascensions in the treatment of consumption, nervous, and other diseases, have been demonstrated in many cases. In one instance a patient was taken to a mountain sanatorium, and observations made. Soon afterwards the same patient was put under observation in a balloon at about the same altitude. Comparative statistics were obtained in this way which corroborated the theory that ballooning is far more beneficial to a patient than a mountain trip.

**Might Have Saved It.**

A lot of trouble from too much starchy food.

A little boy of eight years whose parents did not feed him on the right kind of food, was always nervous and suffered from a weak condition of the stomach and bowels. Finally he was taken down with appendicitis and after the operation the doctor, knowing that his intestinal digestion was very weak, put him on Grape-Nuts twice a day.

He rapidly recovered, and about two months thereafter, his father states, "He has grown to be strong, muscular, and sleeps soundly, weighs 62 pounds, and his whole system is in a fine condition of health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It is plain that if he had been put on Grape-Nuts at an earlier period in his life, and kept from the use of foods that he could not digest, he never would have had appendicitis. That disease is caused by undigested food decaying in the stomach and bowels, causing irritation and making for the growth of all kinds of microbes, setting up a diseased condition which is the active cause of appendicitis, and this is more marked with people who do not properly digest white bread.

Grape-Nuts is made of the selected parts of wheat and barley and by the peculiar processes of the cooking at the factory, all of the starch is turned into sugar ready for immediate digestion and the more perfect nourishment of all parts of the body, particularly the brain and nerve centers.

## Plans For the Great Novel of the Future.

IN the year 1905, having accumulated more money by writing popular novels than he could ever spend, Milton Shakespeare Browne resolved to realize the great ambition of his life—to write, not pot-boilers, but a book that would live and make his name venerated throughout the ages. Accordingly, he betook himself to an island in the far seas, where he dwelt remote from civilization for ten long years. By day and by night he labored, his whole mind intent upon his task. No messages reached him from the outside world. In all that time he saw neither books nor newspapers, but devoted himself to his great work. This finished, he returned home joyfully and placed his manuscript in the hands of his former publisher. When he called a few days later to inquire concerning his story, the publisher bore the look of an unwilling executioner.

"I am sorry, Mr. Browne," he said, "but we cannot publish your story in its present form. The plot is not so bad, but the style is ten years behind the times. Condensation and directness are the features of story-telling nowadays, and we wouldn't sell enough copies of your book to pay for the ink. Take this description of your heroine, for instance. You say: 'Her patrician oval face was framed by masses of rich golden hair and in her sea-blue eyes the love light danced most mockingly. Her ruby lips parted in a smile of entrancing sweetness and the deep color came and went in her velvet cheeks as her noble lover sauntered up the driveway.' Now, that sort of thing was all right ten years ago, but it won't do nowadays. In describing their heroes and heroines our up-to-date authors employ the Bertillon system exclusively. To illustrate: One of our live authors, with a heroine like yours on his hands, would put a little note at the head of the first chapter somewhat after this fashion: Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 115 pounds; hair, red; eyes, blue; face, oval. You see, that disposes of the matter at the outset, and there is nothing in the way of long-winded description to distract the reader's attention from the story itself. Catch the point?"

"And then, Mr. Browne, the way you handle the weather in your story is, to say the least, rather irritating to the modern reader. On page 240 you say: 'The wind sighed dismally and the rain beat pitifully against the window pane as Clementine peered out through the gathering gloom. For days the sun had sulkingly hid himself while the weeping clouds poured forth their grief.' And then for three more pages you go on and describe weather conditions, while all this time the anxious reader is wondering which fellow is going to get her and which fellow is going to be lucky enough not to. Now, here is the way we handle that—each chapter has its official weather report, neatly inscribed at the beginning, such as: Weather—Rain, with winds slowly shifting south-east. Followed by clearing and cooler. Just think of the saving in white paper alone, to say nothing of ink and the reader's patience!"

"It must have been during your retirement," continued the publisher, "the discovery was made that the ingredients of the average popular novel were in about the following proportions: Weather, two-thirds; description of characters, three-tenths; scenery, one-tenth; description of clothes, three-tenths; plot, one-tenth. That discovery revolutionized the style of modern fiction, and that is why the successful novel of this year of grace 1915 consists of thirty pages instead of three hundred. If you will rewrite your story and make it up-to-date we might possibly make it one of our best-selling books of the year and dispose of several thousand copies. You know, accidents will happen."

"Several thousand?" cried Mr. Browne, aghast, "don't you mean hundred thousand?"

"Not at all, Mr. Browne. Surely you are aware that the only book-buyers any more are the Carnegie free libraries, of which there is one at every cross-road from Maine to California and from Seattle to Palm Beach. Our novels are so very condensed that you can read one of them through in ten minutes, so that a few thousand copies, well circulated, soon reach every reader in the country. It has been estimated that the amount of energy saved to readers by the condensing system amounts to 4,000,000 horse power annually."

"But what becomes of the author's profits?" gasped Mr. Browne.

"Oh, that's all arranged for. The public were so delighted with the new literary dispensation that they cheerfully contributed to the fund for the support of eminent authors, a good deal on the principle of paying the organ-grinder not to grind in front of your house. Any person who has a novel published is entitled to draw from this fund. The smaller the sales, the more he draws. From a cursory inspection of your story, I should say that you might draw the largest amount on record."

Pondering deeply on this astonishing literary revelation, Mr. Browne picked up his hat and retired to get his mental bearings and prepare to mold the novel of 1905 into the novel of 1915.

ROBERT WEBSTER JONES in Puck.

**THE IDEAL BEVERAGE**

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

**LABATT'S India Pale Ale**

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

**The GRANBY Lad**

Im Tommy Tough, and as tough they say.  
As GRANBY RUBBERS in a different way.  
They're tough and good. Im tough and bad.  
But tough or not, Im a GRANBY Lad.



Some people look almost club footed because of the ugly rubbers they wear. GRANBY RUBBERS always have a neat, clean cut appearance, and they WEAR LIKE IRON.

**A NEW YEAR TIP**

that always holds good. Never present yourself unless well groomed. As Cleanliness is next to Godliness, so is a smooth appearance next to success. FOUNTAIN makes both possible at \$5.00 per quarter.

**Fountain, "My Valet"** Cleaner and Repairer of Clothes

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572 Queen Street West—Telephone Main 139.  
304 Queen Street East—Telephone Main 184.  
429 Spadina Avenue—Telephone Main 210.  
1312 Queen Street West—Telephone Park 711.  
274 College Street—Telephone North 1179.  
324½ Queen Street West—Telephone Main 1409.

**HEAD OFFICES—44 KING ST. EAST, TELEPHONE Main 131 & 132**

**Balancing Her Cash.**

EVERY Saturday night I give "Sis" her allowance for the household expenses of the week. Every Monday morning the grocer, the butcher and the other fellows who help to make life a burden appear and are settled with, being informed of their various delinquencies. Then "Sis" proceeds to balance accounts.

She spreads all the bills upon the table and puts down the totals on a sheet of paper. It never occurs to her that the men may be poor accountants, but she accepts their arithmetic as O.K. Then she adds up her own figures, which won't keep in straight lines, but resemble a lot of wandering flies on an excursion, and next she looks for her pocket-book. After searching all over the house for a half-hour or so she succeeds in finding it, empties out the cash it contains, counts it, looks at the total of the bills, subtracts it from the sum that she has received, and finds fifty cents missing.

This discovery results in awful mental throes, during which the point of the pencil gets bitten off; but the fifty cents remains unaccounted for. Hereupon she turns to her sister and says, with an attempt to make her tone an absolute certainty:

"Es, I gave you fifty cents, didn't I?"

Trouble reigns for fifteen minutes as Es denies the assertion.

Finally "Sis" admits that she didn't, with a mental reservation that if the fifty cents isn't found she did, and proceeds to add again.

"Sis" becomes satisfied that figures are the most perverse things in the world and never can be added the same way twice in succession; but on the sixth attempt reaches a result showing a shortage of one dollar and thirty-seven cents, to which the fifty cents has grown during the hour. More mental throes; but the addition this time certainly is correct. Half of the pencil now disappears before "Sis" gets a brilliant idea.

"I know, Es," she exclaims, "with a triumphant ring in her voice: 'I spent it!'"

When I reach home she informs me that her accounts are just right, "as they always are," and shows me the balance-sheet.

**Windsor Salt**

the best salt that Canada's best salt works can produce, and that's the best anywhere



## The Early Bird Catches the Worm.

In a business as high class as Semi-ready it is absolutely necessary to keep faith with the public—and we know it.

We want the people to know that when a suit is bought from us the customer receives not only perfection in fit—but perfection in style.

It would never do to carry over stock from one year to another year—so we adopted the plan of holding a "Lonely" sale—when all goods are disposed of, irrespective of original prices, at one price, namely \$10.00.

That sale is on now—you will do well to call.

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16 Hours Quicker

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The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

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Lans of the Hotel House Toronto

## More Letters from Lithia.

MY DEAR GIRL—I'm so glad to hear that you are really married at last. As you say, the law is in such a funny state in your part of the country that a girl never knows whether she's married or single till she's taken counsel's opinion. I think you are wrong in saying you hope your husband will always be good to you. That's a matter for you to settle for yourself. When I was first married I had the same idea. I used to think it was nice to have somebody to look up to and reverence. But after I had clumped my poor Freddie round the garden once or twice, I found my reverence for him browning off pretty considerably at the edges. My experience tells me that men are no good, and the sooner you let them see that you have noticed the fact



I also said that some great trouble was about to come upon him.

customer. It's as simple as that. I think we should have done something with the business if we hadn't had trouble with it from the start. A man called to see me, and, after looking at his hand, I told him that he would marry a fine, tall girl with raven hair, who would be rich and influential. He replied that he was married already, and was the father of nine children, and that his wife was a fat little woman with a bad squint. So there you are, my dear. Beaten on the post, as you might say. Of course, I had to let myself down gently. I gave a little whistle for my husband, and then I told the patient that he must beware of a dark, handsome man who was his enemy, and I also said that some great trouble was about to come upon him. Just about then my husband swung his club, and the trouble arrived as pre-



Directly he reached the middle of the plank the whole thing caved in.

perience my husband had decided to give up making a specialty of the drinking business, as the results are not so reliable afterwards as they appear to be at the time. It seems that immediately after drinking the stuff you feel as if the world were a perpetual flower-garden, and you want to laugh to yourself all the time and tell jolly stories. But when you wake up on the following morning the flower garden has all gone to weeds and squish; and, if you have had more than one fight during your drinking festivity, you feel the bumps all over you, to say nothing of the interference with business. My hubby says it isn't good enough. While he was recovering from the effects of the little scuffle, he said he had thought of a way by which we might earn our bread and cheese, at least. He said everybody was very keen on knowing what was going to happen in the future, and that people like that could always be played for a handful of cranberries or a go of dried rabbit. He showed me how the thing is done. You take the patient's hand in yours and point out the lines on it, and then say those lines mean that he must beware of a dark man with fiery eyes, or a woman with bright yellow hair. You then collect your fee, and pass on to the next

his photographs. In his younger days he was regarded as the duke of the peacocks and is still considered the best-dressed man in the House of Lords.

### What Is Happening in Russia.

R. SYDNEY BROOKS, writing in the London Daily Mail, thus describes the present situation in Russia:

Never has Russia been more characteristically Russian than during the last few months. By "characteristically Russian" I would be understood to mean everything that is spasmodic, unstable and undecided. Those are the very opposite of the qualities we usually attribute to an autocracy. We think of an autocracy as above all things possessing unity of purpose, fixity of aim,

and an unswerving continuity both of policy and execution. But, in domestic affairs at any rate, the Russian autocracy has been anything but consistent. It never seems to know its own mind. Its history is a series of contradictions. Whenever a new internal question comes up—as, for instance, the question of education—you find the autocracy now liberal and helpful, now restive and alarmed, now capricious and repressive. It is the same in broader spheres. A Czar of spirit and determination like Alexander II. can in a few years reorganize the State almost from top to bottom, leaving it to his successors to complete or stifle his work at will. As a rule, they prefer to stifle it. Conservatism takes alarm, and a reforming Czar is automatically followed by a reactionary Czar who spends the best part of his life quietly nullifying his predecessor's

The new Fall and Winter styles of

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are now in the dealers' hands—ready for you whenever you are ready for them.

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innovations. That is why progress in Russia advances, when it advances at all, by fits and starts and sudden, hurried jumps. That is why hardly one of the many great reforms that ushered in the second half of last century has escaped mutilation. That also is why one need never despair of Russia, because even if a reactionary Czar succeeds a liberal Czar, there is always an even chance that a liberal Czar will succeed a reactionary Czar; and the frontiers of progress, once pushed forward, are never pushed back quite to their original position—each time there is a gain.

In the proceedings of the last few months there is, therefore, nothing unusual. M. de Plehve, in whom the spirit of despotism was incarnate, is blown to pieces by a bomb. His successor, accordingly, is a Liberal. A new spirit makes itself felt. The press is allowed unwelcome freedom; the Zemstvos, or district councils, aspire towards greater powers; the reformers are encouraged. But it only lasts for a little while. The bureaucracy, the Grand Dukes, the great ecclesiastics rally once more, and a fierce subterranean struggle ensues for the possession of the Czar's approval. The bureaucracy wins, and things are as they were. A conference of the presidents of the Zemstvos is sanctioned. Popular enthusiasm runs so high that the conference is prohibited. The prohibition is withdrawn and the meeting is permitted to be held, but privately and unofficially. And, finally, the Emperor addresses a public and stinging rebuke to the presumptuous Zemstvo presidents who have dared to discuss "questions of State administration." And so it goes on.

To issue, therefore, a decree, as the Czar did, promising reforms, and to follow it up with a proclamation condemning all reformers, is nothing out of the ordinary. If one could only take it at its face value, the decree, in Tennyson's phrase, might "be the fair beginning of a time." It mentions certain reforms as "urgent in the interest of the legal strengthening of civic and public life." The first of them is that the inviolability of the law shall be safeguarded for all alike. If that means that the reign of bureaucratic caprice and tyranny is henceforward at an end, it is a revolution in itself. Local institutions are to be given "as wide a scope as possible"; judicial procedure throughout the empire is to be made uniform, and the courts of justice are to be independent; the question of State insurance for workmen is to be considered; "exceptional laws" are to be revised and modified; so, too, are the religious laws; and "all unnecessary restrictions should be removed from the existing press laws."

All this is excellent. In fact, we have heard most of it before. The manifesto of March, 1903, pledged the Czar to a policy of religious tolerance, to the improvement of the position of the rural clergy, to a relaxation of the passport system, an abridgment of the authority of the commune over the individual, and an extension of local self-government. These reforms have not yet been carried out. Most of them never will be carried out, so long as the autocracy itself remains unmodified.

But the proclamation that was issued recently is in itself a sufficient commentary on the decree that preceded it by twenty-four hours. In it the autocracy throws down the gage to the whole idea of representative government. The reformers are described as "persons who are anxious to throw pub-

lic and State life into confusion, and to exploit the excited state of the public mind," who are "dazzled by fallacious hopes," and are "working, without being conscious of it themselves, for the benefit not of Russia, but of her enemies." Never has the autocracy come to closer argument with the pros and cons of a Russian Parliament, and never has it thrust the idea aside with such abrupt and peremptory decisiveness. That is the way of all autocracies. They do not change; they perish. They promise in form, but they do not carry out in fact. They temporize, and are swept away.

Will this be the end of the Russian autocracy? If Western experience goes for anything, it will. The problem that the Czar and his Ministers are setting themselves is this—how to enlighten the people and yet preserve autocracy, how to raise the nation to the intellectual level of its neighbors, and yet exclude it from political life, how to rule a modern society on medieval lines. To Westerners any effort to grapple with such a problem must seem like an attempt to "solder close impossibilities and make them kiss."

One must remember that the domestic situation in Russia has materially changed within the last twenty years, and that the change is not away from, but in the direction of, revolution. The difference, of course, consists in and is due to the growth of industrialism. The students and peasants and unofficial intellectuals who hitherto have been the chief agents of unrest have now a new and formidable ally in the artisan; and the artisans as a class are little likely to accept or be acceptable to the pure gospel of autocracy and orthodoxy. Student riots and peasant riots are an old tale in Russia, and have never been more than sporadic. Petitions from the nobility for representative government are also a familiar phenomenon. What is new is to find the workingman, himself a novelty and an ominous one, clamoring for his political rights and pursuing them by all the weapons of Western agitation. When you get 30,000 artisans shouting "Down with autocracy," cheering for liberty and listening to untrained enthusiasm to revolutionary speakers, you may be sure that a movement is on foot which will not be very seriously affected by such decrees and proclamations as the Czar issued the other day, and which nothing but full and final success can satisfy.

To forward industrialism and yet expect to keep things as they were; to grant concessions under pressure and yet be disappointed when the pressure is increased; to favor education and yet resolve that it shall bear no political fruit; to raise the nation industrially and intellectually and to repress it politically; to admit liberty here and there and yet to think it can be enclosed within prescribed limits; to emancipate the serfs and yet be astounded at the new spirit of individualism and independence; to be at once modern and medieval, Chinese and American, an autocracy at the top and communist at the base—that is the grand experiment in contradictory opposites that Czarism is making. And it explains why the Czar must always try to take nawk with one hand what they offer with the other.

He—I asked a number of young ladies to tell me the meaning of the word "cute." She—They differ widely, I suppose? He—Oh, no. They all said "Don't you know?"





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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**THE DRAMA**

**D**E WOLF HOPPER is an old story, but many old stories are delightful and can be effectively re-told. *Wang* is the beginning of the present era of comic opera, of which we have had a surfeit, and that it retains its popularity shows that it is the best of its kind. The innovations are few, but improving, and despite a bad cold, big De Wolf Hopper is as delightfully amusing as ever. There must be something striking in the personality of the leading comic opera singer when hoarseness detracts little from the strength of his part. The company is excellent and the scenic effects better than heretofore. Miss Marguerite Clark made a charming sweet-voiced little *Prince Mataya* and suffered nothing by comparison with her predecessors in the rôle, Della Fox and Virginia Earle. Crowded houses have succeeded each other during the week at the Princess, and the tuneful melodies of *Wang* are again thrummed on pianos and whistled on the streets.

*The Ninety and Nine*, a railroad melodrama, is at the Grand Opera House and is quite a strong and pleasing show. The plot is simple, dealing with the reclaiming of *Tom Silvertown*, a lost sheep, by the power of a good woman's love. The scene is laid in Indiana, and there is a good deal of local color in the presentation. O. J. Ashman plays *Silvertown* with good effect, especially in his drunken scenes. Alfred Hastings, as *Abner Blake*, is good. Miss Bayonne Whipple takes the rôle of the heroine, *Ruth Blake*, and is particularly happy in her characterization, as she treats the part naturally and without overdoing it. The other parts are well taken. In fact the whole company is good, and as a melodrama the play should be successful.

The Four Cohans' great success of last season, *Running for Office*, George M. Cohan's musical frivolity, which will be presented under the management of Sam H. Harris and George M. Cohan, will be seen at the Grand Opera House election week. The brilliant comedy episodes of the play are in keeping with the customary efforts of the talented young author, who is now entering the managerial field on his own account. The cast is an exceptionally good one—one that was especially selected to fill the parts which were so successfully played by the members of that popular family, the Four Cohans, and the original production will be carried. The musical numbers have been heard all over the country and their popularity is not surprising, as they are the best efforts of George M. Cohan's career.

The first of one of the great foreign stars to be seen in Toronto this season will appear at the Princess Thursday night, when Mme. Gabrielle Rejane and her company of French players from the Vaudeville Theater, Paris, will enter upon a three nights' engagement at this playhouse. This has been called "the golden age" of the French stage, and no artist in France occupies a more conspicuous and a more respected position on it than does Rejane. It is said that Rejane is to Sarah Bernhardt what Coquelin is to Mounet-Sully. One critic said of her, that she is whimsically in the form of a woman going through on the stage at the most unexpected moments sentimental prouettes of the most fantastic character. Her talent is eminently—indeed one may say exclusively—Parisian. For her season of twelve weeks in America, her managers have guaranteed her a princely sum and they are sparing no expense in making Mme. Rejane's season an artistic as well as a financial triumph. Rejane will make her local debut in *Ma Cousine*, a play in three acts by Henri Michaux. Rejane appears as *Riquette*. *Riquette* is an actress who restores an errant husband to his lawful spouse by diverting him to the prospect of an intrigue with herself. At the crucial moment, after being well chased around the furniture of the convenient flat, *Riquette* evades her pursuer by disclosing that she is in fact his sister by the left hand. On Friday night she will appear in *Zaza*. Concerning Rejane's appearance, Mr. Corbin, one of the most conservative critics in New York, said in the *New York Times*: "The best-dressed woman in Paris, it is said, Rejane evinced in every thread of her costume the crude taste of the *cocotte*. She illumined her conception of the character with an infinitude of deliciously grotesque light and shade. Her walk, none too graceful at the best, becomes at times not a little like the stride of a dromedary. With a *masque* that grows fresh and young in smiling and wan and old in agony, she wrenched every pulse of emotion out of the part. With a voice that can sing in caressing like the tones of a violin, she became at need as raucous as a peacock. All this detracted from the salience of theatrical effect, perhaps, yet infused into the whole a reality, an atmosphere of general comprehensibility that threw the inner meaning into the vision of every seeing eye. Laughter, mingled with tears, as in all true comedy; pity with reprehension, as in all true drama." *L'Arlequinade* (the swallow) will be played for the Saturday matinee. It is a new drama by a young South American author, Dario Nicodemi. It was first produced by Madame Rejane in Brussels in October of last year and scored an instantaneous success. *The Swallow* is a woman of capricious character, reckless, but very loving. *Horace Lenoir*, her lawyer, falls in love with her. He is married, but never loved his wife, *Sylvie*, "the swallow," has a daughter who is loved by and loves *Horace Lenoir's* brother, *Lucien*. The unloved wife appears on the scene to ask the hand of the girl for her brother-in-law. Then mother-love conquers *Sylvie* and she sacrifices her love and herself forever. The engagement of Rejane will come to a close in Toronto on Saturday night, when *Sappho* will be given. So much was printed about this play when it was first produced in America by an English actress whose management chose to exploit it as one of the most immoral plays ever seen on the stage, that very little need be said about it here. Of one thing we may be sure,



Madame Rejane, the great French actress, at the Princess, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.

that the immorality and crudeness of the portrayal of the English version is not to be seen in the French version. Asked in an interview in New York what rôle Rejane considered her favorite one, the French woman said: "Whichever one the public likes best, but, personally, I have a very deep affection for the part of *Sappho*." Rejane brings her own company from the Vaudeville Theater in Paris, headed by two such clever artists as M. Dumény and Mlle. Susanne Avril. Unlike the usual managerial policy, no promises have been made for elaborate productions of plays presented by Rejane. As there are over ten plays in her repertoire, it was impossible for Madame Rejane to bring scenery over from France for all the plays. Her American managers, therefore, have done the very best they could in getting adequate productions, relying on the art of Rejane and her companions more than on wood and paint work to produce the necessary illusion.

A very ambitious sketch, *Jockey Jones*, presented by Emmett Corrigan and company, heads the bill at Shea's this week. It is a novel, clever and entertaining turn. The scene is laid in a hospital, where *Jockey Jones* is lying, having met with a railway accident necessitating the amputation of both legs. While in this state a girl, not knowing his condition, tries to induce him to promise that he will pull the favorite. The race is run and the favorite wins, but when they come to tell *Jockey Jones* the good news they find him dead. Paul Spadone does some marvelous juggling with cannon balls and performs with ease and grace. Watson, Hutchings and Edwards present a humorous sketch entitled *The Vaudeville Exchange*, Miss Alice Hutchings doing some clever work in her part. A. O. Duncan is a ventriloquist of above the aver-

age. Howard Brothers play the banjo rather nicely. The Nichol Sisters are amusing black-faced singers, and with the Three Jacksons, George C. Davis and the kinetograph complete the bill.

In the history of the stage there has been no dramatist who holds the mirror up to nature more clearly than Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, whose plays since the early eighties have been gradually taking a strong hold on our intellectual theater-goers. Ibsen looks to life itself instead of conventions for his dramatic material. His pictures frame living, breathing men and women of our everyday existence. He knows that character is the root of all drama and it is to the lifelike, convincing, consistent portrayal of character that he devotes his powers. The average theater-goer shuns Ibsen because his plays are deemed too daring, too near the actual. When, however, he does condescend to witness one, the artistic excellence of the work, the clear-cut, lifelike picture, the compelling attention obtained by the methods employed by Ibsen, sometimes make a convert of the scoffer and adds one more to the ever-increasing clientele of the great but unpleasant dramatist. In *Ghosts*, the most widely discussed of Ibsen's dramas, the author has achieved his greatest success. As played by Claus Bogel, Adelaide FitzAllen and their company, it is looked upon as one of the strongest dramas on the stage to-day. The production of *Ghosts* at the Princess the first three nights of next week (matinee Wednesday) will be one of the most satisfactory Ibsen treats of the theatrical year, and should be seen by every intellectual person who prefers realism to romance.

What "Tokio says" is always exaggerated and usually false, but it guessed correctly about Port Arthur.



BEFORE THE CLASH.

Doc. Nesbitt (to Rev. Globe Macdonald)—On the stump the other night you said you were a plain man, eh? Well, when I get through with you you will be a darn sight plainer!

## The Lady and the Inventive Butler.

(A SOCIETY COMEDY.)

SCENE: A drawing-room. Time—Half an hour before dinner. Character—An ANXIOUS HOSTESS, a CONSOLATORY BUTLER.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
Come hither; Parker, from yon bowl of jade  
A rose-leaf falls—the orchids seem to fade;  
And much I fear me lest the hostile band,  
My guests, may say that they are second-hand—  
And have done prior duty—with delight.

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
Madam, indeed the blossoms are all right;  
Although arranged last eve when you did sup,  
They have been most profusely freshened up.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
And then the chef—  
CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
—is sober as a judge,

And scarcely from the fireside did he budge,  
Nor quit artistic effort all the day,  
But for a half hour, at his *déjeuner*;  
The service with his approbation met,  
He lauded madam's Steinberg cabinet.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
Dole him another quart, and ne'er be deaf  
Unto rogations vinous of a chef;  
E'en millioned men with graciousness engage  
Full oft when primed unto a certain stage.

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
It shall be done.  
ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
Ah, Parker, without you,  
There is no telling what we all should do.  
The English butlers as our saviors come,  
And aid our weary efforts.

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
Thank ye, mum.  
ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
Ne'er tell the servant hall folk that I hail  
From nouvau richedom; words, I pray, curtail  
In speaking of me.

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
Madam, do not fear,  
For I was born as kitchen chevalier.  
To ease your anxious mind let me relate  
An incident . . .

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
Be quick, it's getting late.

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
Before I entered in your service, ma'am,  
To demonstrate how absolute I am  
In noble dining-rooms, I would not boast  
Even in serving humble tea and toast;  
As you're aware, from no superfluous fluke  
I was engaged . . .

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
Oh, yes; I know—a duke.

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
Yes, m, where boodle always reigns supreme,  
With elegance addendum.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS (sighing)—  
CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
Perfect dream!

Yet there I've seen a dinner given oft,  
Where game was served that savored high aloft;  
Where fish announced arrival ere it came,  
And added to the odor of the game;  
Where soup was cold and wine which gentry got,  
In place of being iced, was medium hot;  
And everything that *gourmets* like—that word is French—  
Was served up with a gastronomic wrench.  
Yet did the feed succeed, nor seemed ought queer.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS (ruminatingly)—  
Of course it does when given by a peer.

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
'Twas not His Grace; with humble deference,  
My point is punctured in another sense;  
A salad saved the scene, with tiny leaves  
Of lettuce, cul'd from dainty Ostend sheaves,  
Anchovied and be-egged—twas passing nice  
On top an orange mandarin with ice.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
And did they like it?

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
That I cannot say.  
The weary guests awakened anyway,  
And with effusion did that salad greet,  
Rustled their garments and exclaimed, "How sweet!"  
The evening proved a thoroughbred success.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
And you will serve the same to-night?

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
I guess  
That madam will be satisfied, and ope' her eyes;  
E'en if the chef should fail, there's a surprise  
Conceived by me.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
I trust that it will go,  
Flow'rs, edibles and dressing tire me so,  
Though I am hospitably bent, it seems to me  
That life is one long strife, devoid of glee.

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
The penalty of greatness, mum.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
Ah, maybe—well—

CONSOLATORY BUTLER—  
Be soothed, I prithee, madam.

ANXIOUS HOSTESS—  
Gracious! there's the bell!

THE REPORTER

## Surer Than Poison.

ACT I.

CAPTAIN HIGHLASHES—Dearly as we love each other, we must love in vain. Your husband is good for another thirty years yet.

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—Nay, darling, he shall die.  
CAPTAIN HIGHLASHES—Heavens! what mean you? Don't—for both our sakes, don't—attempt to remove him. You will be convicted of the crime and condemned to death.

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—Have no fears. I will put an end to his existence without committing the slightest sin.

ACT II.

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—Dear Husband, I want you to write out a cheque for fifty pounds.

HUSBAND—Certainly, my love. What is it for? Bonnet—dress—gloves?

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—No, no, nothing for myself. I have noticed that your evening dress is getting shabby—

HUSBAND—Woo-woo-what!

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—And that you ought to have a new morning suit—

HUSBAND—Woo-woo-woo-what!

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—And that you want some jewelry, and cigars, and a meerschaum, and a thorough rig-out in the matter of linen, and—

HUSBAND—Woo-woo-woo-woo-what!

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—And several other purchases you must make. As for myself, I can make all my last year's things spit out another season.

HUSBAND—Woo-woo-woo-woo-what!

(Falls insensible.)

ACT III.

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—My dear Captain, all is well. The doctor says he cannot possibly last more than twelve hours.

CAPTAIN HIGHLASHES—Gracious! what ever have you done to him?

THE FAIR FALSE WIFE—Nothing at all. He has been suddenly prostrated by a severe mental shock, from which he can never recover!

Just a Joss.

A venerable premier named Ross  
Was once known to say to his boss:

"Thirty years in the seat,  
And here's Pliny to beat—

Now get up and don't let's have a loss."

EUBIUS JAXSON II.



## The Political Situation.

WHAT is all this uproar connected with the approaching Provincial elections about, anyway? The newspapers are screaming at each other, stump speakers are shouting their heads off in their enthusiasm over their various candidates, and unthinking partisans, meeting in the streets, hoot, shake their fists in each other's faces, and boost some hitherto unheard-of aspirant to office with the uncontrolled emotion that might be pardoned did it follow a declaration of independence, the re-establishment of slavery, or a proclamation of war against an offensive foreign nation. I feel a good deal like the principal in a story which I used to know, but which I hope I have forgotten sufficiently to be able to turn it over in my mind without repeating it. It ended by the father throwing his hands in the air and exclaiming: "Well, what is the use of making a fuss over it? You knew it was sure to be either a boy or a girl, anyway!" That's the way I feel about the result of the elections. I can see no excuse for raising a great hurrah no matter which set of politicians manage to persuade the majority of the people to provide easy livings for them for the next four or five years.

Who are these fellows who ask the electors to vote for them? What kind of men are they? What have they ever done to demonstrate their superiority over their fellows? And if they have not shown superiority, why should they be able to get men quite as good, quite as able, quite as competent to run for office, to turn out of a cold night to drive miles to hear them speak, to cheer for them, to canvass for them, to quarrel with their friends over them, and finally to vote for them? I don't happen to be cursed with an enthusiastic liver—acute indignation is to be preferred—so when one of these nifty individuals crops up from no one knows where and asks me to walk or ride five or six blocks that I may



William Henry Smith, Liberal candidate for East Nowhere, and Thomas James Jones, Conservative candidate for the West Riding of Dotyville.

have the pleasure of helping to provide him with an easy job, I feel like being unpleasant and saying things not found in the "Twentieth Century Edition." Did you ever sit down and just think for a moment and run your mind's eye over the self-appointed candidates representing both political parties? It's enough to make anyone mad enough to commit a murderous assault on his grandmother, just as an outlet to his indignation. Of course, the candidates themselves will deny that they are self-appointed. "We represent the people," they say. "We were given our nominations by the representative delegates of our p.r.i.s." Bo-h! They were given the nominations by a crowd of thoroughly unrepresentative professional ward politicians, fellows whose knowledge of political economy, constitutional government and ethics was acquired over a game of poker in the druggist's back room, or in some other equally refined and studious atmosphere into which the temporarily unemployed naturally drift without strenuous endeavor. Look at the party newspapers in Toronto or anywhere else where they can print portraits, and cast your eye over the faces of the would-be representatives of Ontario. Pick out one face showing anything approaching a high order of intelligence, cut out the picture and send it to me and I shall gladly pay the sender five dollars—real money. William Henry Smith, Liberal candidate for East Nowhere, bears all the earmarks of an escaped inmate of some public institution not noted as a storehouse of God-given genius; but he is a worthy opponent of Thomas James Jones, Conservative candidate for the West Riding of Dotyville.

But, dropping the back benches, what is there about any member of the recently-dissolved House to arouse enthusiasm? Mr. Ross and Mr. Whitney are both representative types of the men of Ontario. Either gentleman should be able to hold down pretty nearly any job requiring average ability. Neither possesses ability of an impressive order. True, Mr. Ross is a good orator, but both history and science show that oratory is in no way necessarily connected with unusual mental power. If not engaged in an election campaign, neither would lay claim to more than the average capacity. Yet these men are the party leaders. On the face of it, then, each is admitted by his respective party to possess the highest qualifications for leadership in that party. I am not saying anything calculated as a sneer at either Mr. Whitney or Mr. Ross—but just take them out of their ridiculously artificial setting of politics, pick them up in your hands, turn them around, upside down and all, examine them thoroughly and try to find out what in the world you previously thought you saw which prompted you to jump about, to shout, to cheer, to quarrel with your friends, to chase around the country to party meetings, to speak on the stump at great personal inconvenience, and to write abusive letters to the press because it criticized one or the other of these men. What is true of Mr. Whitney and Mr. Ross is true of the other representative candidates. There are a few men like them



Wild enthusiasm in replacing the street railway employee.

who could pass muster anywhere in Canada as good men of the average type. To such candidates no objection can be raised. We couldn't get a houseful of geniuses if we wanted them—and we wouldn't want them if we could have them. We want the ordinary representative man. We get very few of him; but even with the House made up as it has been made up in the past, we should be fairly well satisfied. All that I object to is the shouting about it. There is no great hurrah when a new member is added to the police force—and if, because of misconduct, it is found necessary to discharge a member of the force, the city refrains from falling into a state of panic, dividing into hostile camps, cheering for opposition candidates for the office, and when a new officer is selected, hailing him as a god. Imagine the citizens of Toronto working themselves into a fury of excitement when a street-car conductor was threatened with losing his job because he had been caught on half a dozen occasions tampering with the fare-box! Imagine newspapers taking the matter up and some of them predicting blue ruin to the city and



MR. LAWSON FRIES FRENZIED FINANCIERS.

the service in case the man should be fired and another man put in his place! "Why, the man has been in the service of the road, and indirectly of the citizens, for thirty-two years! Even if he does tamper with the boxes, he always keeps the doors shut, is polite to passengers, stops at the proper crossings and helps feeble ladies on and off. No one can fill his place so well." Just try to think of newspapers printing such howling rot! It sounds like driving idiocy, doesn't it? Yet regarding it sanely, is it more or less nonsensical than the stuff the *Globe* is printing about the awful mistake the province is making in putting the Ross Government out of office? Does the country face a more dangerous crisis when it contemplates a change of the Provincial Government than that which would confront the city were the supposed discharge of the old street-car conductor a reality? The two cases are of about equal importance, that dealing with the Provincial Government overshadowing the case of the conductor simply because it affects the whole province, whereas the conductor's case would affect only the city. In both cases the course of the public should be the same. There is no occasion for excitement or recrimination. The guilt is abundantly proven. All that remains to be done is to fire the provincial conductor. As there would be no display of wild enthusiasm in replacing the street railway employee, there is now no excuse for excitement, exultation or bitterness when a new set of men are appointed to fill the places of those who have held their positions for so long a time with fully average ability, but latterly with considerably less than average honesty. JAQUES.

## Surprise of Slang-Slingers.

"ELLO, aunt and uncle, so you blew in at last, eh?" said the young city wife. "Yes," answered the uncle, "we're here sure enough. How are you keeping?" "Oh, fine and dandy. You look able to sit up and take a little nourishment. Butt in and let me take your things."

Thus the niece rattled on and when first impressions were strengthened by development of the next few days, the aunt and uncle resolved to try a little scheme for abating the local slang nuisance. They constantly practised a little dialogue, and soon felt able to carry out their plan successfully.

Judge, then, of the surprise to the young pair in the following conversation, spoken in all earnestness by the staid elderly couple at the dinner-table:

"Say, mother, are you wise to the fact that this will be a hard winter?"

"Go on, you're only kidding."

"No, that's on the level."

"Is that really the goods?"

"Sure. Got a straight tip."

"Get next, old man, get next; it's only a beef."

"Oh, Bob!" cried the horrified niece, aside, "did you ever hear such language!"

"Yes, we hear it every day," replied the young man in the same tone.

"Where?"

"Right here—from each other. Don't you see that we have shocked aunt and uncle and that they are only geying us?"

But the old folk went on apparently without noticing the effect of their words.

"Some thing doing out on the street. Rubber!"

"Oh, chuck it, old girl, chuck it; pass it up and dig into your feed."

"Well, wouldn't that rust your mother-in-law's false teeth."

Back to the cedar swamp for yours."

"Well, would you tumble to the old girl's gait. She's beginning to sit up and take notice."

"Come, come," broke in the young man, "we are all in. I see what you are driving at, but you are taking away Kate's appetite."

The old folk glanced at their pretty but perplexed niece. She was almost in tears.

"Oh, uncle!—aunt!" she pleaded, "how could you! Does it sound as bad as that when we use slang?"

"Didn't it sound natural?" said the uncle anxiously. "You see," he went on, "mother and I have been trying all week to pick up city ways and we really thought we had got hold of the language."

"Look, uncle," said Bob. "We are going to quit using that fool talk. I had no idea how bad it sounded till I heard you and auntie at it."

"Yes, we needed the lesson, I suppose," said Kate. Then with a smile she continued, "We will cut—refrain from using it in future—eh, Bob?"

"Well, rather," answered Bob with a sly smile. "It's up to us to cut it out." W. A. C.

## Masculine, Possessive

"You must be mine!" he firmly cried; "mine, mine, all mine, while life abides." She was unused to men and woosers And hence, with meekly thoughtful eye She gazed, and mutely wondered why He never said, "I must be yours!"

## Miscellaneous.

A. A. A.—Wanted, at once, men capable of showing ways and means of getting a majority in the Legislative Assembly. Apply on the job at any city or town.

For Sale—One political reputation, slightly damaged, or will exchange for a few safe seats. Box 150, Queen's Park.

Lost—Public confidence; parties restoring same may name their own reward.

Personal—Are you earning less than five dollars a minute? Would you like to be a political worker? Why not get your share of the campaign fund? Write for particulars. Box A 32, Queen's Park.

Wanted, immediately, mechanics to operate a political machine; none but bad men need apply; references required. Strictly confidential. Box B 16, Queen's Park.

Wanted—Scandals, exposures of private affairs, mis-statements, lies, libels and anything else useful in a political campaign; highest prices paid; see us before going elsewhere. Box 18472, *Globe*.

First Resolution—How are you feeling? Second Resolution—Broke.

"Why, he is nothing more than a human dollar sign!" "I didn't know he was as crooked as that."

Lives there an exhibitor

Upon the earth, bipedal,

Who hath not at St. Louis

Received a golden medal?

Mrs. Teazle—I don't see you and Colonel Oldboy out to dinner any more. What's happened? Mrs. Gay Spanker—Nothing; only when a man begins to get jealous of hubby it's all off with me.



THEY FIT—AN' FIT—AN' FIT!

Old Man Ontario—Say, I ain't agoin' to git no Premier out o' that mix-up! There won't be nothin' left but buttons, boots an' teeth!

## A Night With the Fenians.

I was a few years ago, before the last expiring echo of Ireland's wrongs had died out of United States politics. References at that time to the murder of Cavendish and Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, and the Manchester martyrs were made with due regard to the company you happened to be together with in the meeting-places of the lower strata of New York and Chicago life.

Lower West street, New York, running along the wharves and docks of the North River, offers every facility to the drouthy individual to satisfy a desire for a glass of beer and expecting to catch the Jersey ferry in ten minutes, I went one night into the friendliest-looking of the many saloons that garnished the water-front. I left four hours later, at two o'clock in the morning, arm-in-arm with a gentleman who made the particular welkin located on the North River resound in a deep musical voice with queries as to "Who fears to spake of Ninety-eight?" The main body of our companions of the evening marched in an opposite direction to the sprightly air of *The Wearin' of the Green*, while a couple of blocks up Chamber street we could hear the echo of the old Irish rebel song, *The French are on the Say*, says the *Shamus* on *Voght*.

"I guess the old Dart will be free 'fore the mornin'," said the policeman at the corner in a Comaught brogue, and he smiled sympathetically. "Where have ye been treading, Ireland till this time? Before I came on the force our old gang could free her 'fore midnight and be ready to start in again half an hour after the cock crows struck six next day. We can't expect an Orange walk or a landlords' meetin' at this time in the mornin' and in New York. Gwan now to yer beds. Ye've freed Ireland enough for one night."

It was pay-night at several of the docks, the mystery of the Cronin murder in Chicago was yet unraveled, the O'Nea scandal was beginning to divide the Irish Parliamentary party, but above everything else O'Donovan Rossa had dropped in; the leader of the *Catalpa* expedition which had rescued the Fenian prisoners from Australia was there, a Democratic splendor whose grandfather had been evicted from Kildare homestead half a century before on some old-fashioned idea about tenants having to pay rent, was practising for the coming Presidential campaign, and four old chaps were talking in their native Irish at a side table. The talk was hery, the Bourbon ran red, and Britain's navy was swept from the high seas every time the array of schooners appeared above the horizon of the bar. Ireland was freed at least seventeen times that night if we had let her stay that way. But very man had a different manner of doing it, except in the initial proceedings of the campaign. We all took our turns, called on another round of drinks, and it was the etiquette of the occasion that the caller thereof had the right of freeing Ireland in the particular manner that suited his particular mood. Then we would bind her up again in the bonds of Saxon slavery, place the iron heel of England on her neck, all ready for the next man to call on the drinks and cut her loose. Then the man who wanted the pretty fishing fleet to land three regiments of French Zouaves some dark night and take possession of the Tower of London and Windsor Castle while the London brethren would blow up the Guards in Wellington and Knightsbridge barracks grew argumentative with the man who wanted to capture Canada and use it as a base of operations to build a fleet and organize an army. Dublin Castle might be laid in rams, the Tower of London held by the green cockaded soldiers of Erin, and the Channel fleet scuttled before mianmigh, but I felt that my own, my native land could not be disposed of for several hours yet. I remarked easily but firmly to the gentleman who was pouring Fenian armies over the Niagara and Maine borders and beer down his shirt-front:

"Not on your life."

And O'Donovan Rossa turned his broad shoulders quickly. "A Johnny Canuck, eh?"

I pleaded guilty and the interest of the meeting became divided between your humble servant and the beer, and disagreeable things were hinted about a people that would tamely submit to be ground down under the iron heel of British tyranny. The iron heel of British tyranny seemed to worry these citizens of the United States greatly. One vigorous gentleman rapidly recounted the wrongs of Ireland for seven hundred years, and asked should a proud people tamely submit to the myriad wrongs of centuries. Did Canada, cringing under the iron heel, etc., not sympathize with the blighting wrongs of a proud people? What would Canada do under similar circumstances?

I told him that she would in the first place have to start in and get discovered about four centuries sooner, but that in any event I had an idea that if Canadians suffered one hundredth part of the wrongs Irishmen say they have suffered there would be a number of the old hint-lock muskets taken down from the walls of our log cabins in the Canadian woods and put into active use. There was one thing, however, we wouldn't do. We wouldn't emigrate to a foreign country and hold only picnics and processions and hire an occasional deluded fanatic to place himself in a British dungeon. (British jails didn't exist in that company. They were all dungeons or basins.) We mightn't do much, but there were some things we wouldn't do.

Then the fat was in the fire and trouble brewed. O'Donovan Rossa remarked quietly:

"Canadian, eh! Toronto, I guess. A different brand of Irish up there. Hunting for trouble in the same old way, though. I've been there." And he smiled reminiscently as memories of the wrecked Queen street hotel in Toronto where he stopped some years before on a lecture tour crowded in upon him. "The Irish in Canada haven't the same spirit we have on this side of the line."

"Haven't they?" and I looked at the lowering faces about me and remembered that an Irishman will forgive much for a speech or a story. "At the time of the last Fenian raid, which I am willing to confess stirred Canada from end to end, there was an old Irishman in Ottawa, an ardent member of the most extreme wings of several Irish organizations. The militia had been called out. Contradictory news of hordes of Irish-Americans crossing the borders followed each other night and day for weeks. Internal disaffection was feared in several of the large cities where those of Irish race were congregated in large numbers. Town halls, court-houses, militia stores and public buildings were carefully guarded in every city and town. And Sir John A. Macdonald, the acting Minister of Militia, founded the Secret Service Fund to provide ways and means of obtaining news of the threatened attack or of domestic sympathy with the raiders. This old Ottawa Irishman was a strong supporter, by the way, of Sir John, the Tory chieftain. When it came to the ears of alarmed and excited officers of the Canadian Government that the beginning of a tunnel starting at the bank of the river for the purpose of blowing up the new Parliament Buildings was discovered, Sir John sent for him. He was hurriedly engaged to keep watch over the suspicious inundation on the cliff-like bank of the river. He was to visit it once during the day and once during the night at a salary of fifty dollars a month. He did for twenty-five years. Sir John, in the multiplicity of State affairs, forgot the incident and the Secret Service Fund required in its nature no book-keeping. A change of Government came, but the old Ottawa Irishman kept on visiting the hole that some energetic dog had tunneled, day and night. Sir John was returned to power and Fenian invasions drifted into faint memories of the past, but the old Irishman kept on visiting the bank of the river and incidentally drawing his \$50 a month regularly. Sir John died, but the employee, in the pay of the Secret Service Fund, lived for thirty years after the skirmish at Pigeon Hill, and he never missed a month in drawing his salary. The Liberals tried to get an inquiry into the Secret Service Fund, as being a source of partizan corruption, but failed. Anyway, the old man drew British-Canadian pay for thirty years for strolling out to look at one of the most beautiful views in Canada. He was conscientious and he always went out twice every twenty-four hours and to the paymaster once a month."

"He was an Irishman who could hold his tongue," said the veteran follower of O'Brien in '48 quietly. "Ireland would be free now if there were more—!" But the roar of appreciative laughter at the be-fooling of a Sassenach Government drowned the conclusion of the sentence. LEWIS.





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## SOCIETY-

Several of those always interesting "welcome" teas to strange or returning visitors in town have been given recently. A very pleasant one at Mrs. Ramsay Wright's apartments in the St. George came off, at which Professor Denney of the Biological Department of Toronto University and his charming young bride were guests of honor. The president, Mrs. and Miss Loudon, and the professors and their wives turned out almost "to a man" to greet the new-comer, and Mrs. Denney with all hearts by her sweet and vivacious response to their greetings and good wishes. Another newly-married couple of the University set were Mr. and Mrs. Allan, who were also at Mrs. Ramsay Wright's tea. Beside the staff of the college were a number of ladies and gentlemen who are their friends and well-wishers, including Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Sweeney of Robbison, Mrs. Hal Oster, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moss, Mr. Wesley Brock, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Wesley Brock, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Miss Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. Fred Mowat, Mr. and Miss Greig, Miss Christie and Miss Jackson of Rosedale assisted at the tea-table, and Mrs. Denney in a most becoming eminence gown with white lace received with Mrs. Ramsay White.

Mrs. Scales of Wellington place is slowly convalescing from a very severe attack of illness, from which she has suffered ever since the death of her husband, and from which her recovery is very tedious.

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Myers spent Christmas and New Year at Lakewood, Mrs. Myers going down to New York to meet her husband on his return from a visit of some months abroad. The visit to Lakewood was most interesting, a number of celebrities being at the hotel, Melba, Josef Hoffmann and other artists among them. The New Year's Eve ball, an annual festivity there, was a huge event, the New York guests filling every corner of the large hostelry. After New Year Dr. and Mrs. Myers spent a short time at the Waldorf, and attended the opera, returning to Deer Park after a most enjoyable holiday. Dr. Myers has been doing English cathedrals during his visit in the Old Land.

The marriage of Mr. Horace Boulbee, son of Mrs. William Boulbee of Iver House, and Miss Nan Greer, daughter of Mr. James Greer, was celebrated in St. Paul's church on Monday of last week, Rev. Canon Cody officiating, and the large edifice being three-parts filled with friends of the bride and groom, besides the small party of relatives and invited guests. Mr. Boulbee and his bride have been for a long time members of St. Paul's choir, and the choir turned out *en masse* for their bridal, the music, especially a solo sung while the register was signed in the vestry, being very good indeed. The bride wore her *costume de voyage* of shaded brown, and was attended by one bridesmaid, her sister, Miss Maud Greer. Mr. Edward Boyle was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Boulbee have gone to Ottawa, where they will remain during the session, and afterwards come to Mrs. Boulbee at Iver House for a visit. The staff of the paper on which Mr. Boulbee is reporter presented him with a fine clock a day or two before his marriage, and the popular bride was recipient of many handsome gifts. At the close of the wedding ceremony she found some difficulty in making her way down the aisle, owing to the embracing arms of many loving girl friends.

The evenings which were not taken up with dinners and bridge last week have been spent by the larger portion of society at the Princess Theater, where nightly Mr. Forbes Robertson played

## About Bribery of Witnesses Against the Congo.

A SUCCESSION of insinuations, emanating from the so-called "Congolese press" of Belgium, would persuade the world that there has been a wholesale bribery of witnesses for the purpose of manufacturing atrocity charges against the administration of the Congo Free State. The object of attack, in almost every instance, has been Mr. E. Deville Morel, editor of the *West African Mail*, secretary of the Congo Reform Association and author of a work on the alleged "horrors of the Congo" (*King Leopold's Rule in Africa*), which is now the subject of much sensational comment in England. The *Independence Belge* (Brussels) has undertaken a personal campaign against Mr. Morel, who, it alleges, employed a former member of the Congo official service to approach the



E. D. MOREL, Leader of the crusade against the Congo Free State Administration.

chief of police of the Lower Congo with the suggestion that he should give information in support of the atrocity charges. The chief of police, if we are to accept his own story, resolved "to trick and to expose" his tempter as the best means of discrediting the agitation against "the horrors of the Congo." The Belgian organ is convinced of the good intentions of the chief of police in the subtle negotiations that ensued. Mr. Morel, however, pronounces the several allegations of the *Independence Belge* "unqualified falsehoods of which the extravagant absurdity must be apparent to the meanest intelligence." However this may be, definite promises of sensational revelations to come have given fresh impetus to the campaign Mr. Morel is waging. Still, the *Independence Belge* maintains that whatever "revelations" may be forthcoming are based upon cal-

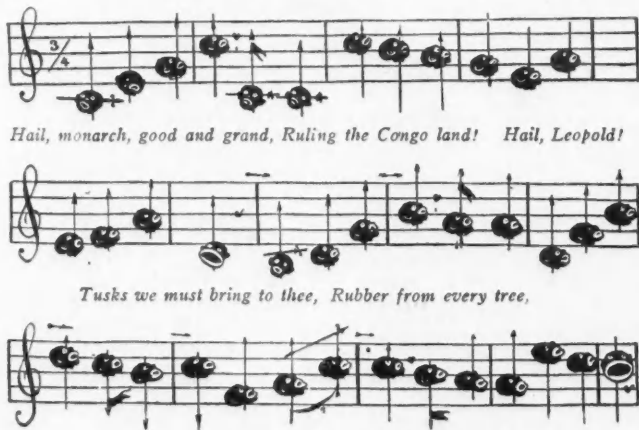
burrows-as gospel. We believe, for our part, that official England is far from being so determined as is alleged to go forward with the matter. We deem it a grave blunder to make an outcry over the scandal and to suspect the London Cabinet of seeking to profit by this wholly factitious movement to lay hands upon territory which has been so admirably developed by our countrymen.

In the desire of certain British imperialists to add the Congo territory to the Empire upon which the sun never sets it is to be found the real source of whatever strength is still left in the Congo agitation, according to most Belgian organs. In that section of the Continental European press which is officially inspired, the subject of the Congo is dealt with in very reserved fashion. It is otherwise in the London press. The recent appointment of a commission of inquiry into the "horrors" by the Congo Administration has caused the London *Times* to declare:

"The commission, as actually constituted, consists of three members. One of them is Attorney-General of the Belgian Court of Cassation, another is President of the Court of Appeal at Boma, and the third is a Swiss jurist. In so small a body the neutral point of view could hardly, perhaps, have had any larger representation; but the arrangement certainly throws a heavy responsibility on the only member who may be supposed to approach the question absolutely without predilection on either side."

In the instructions as published the commissioners may fairly be said to have been allowed an unfettered latitude of inquiry. They might investigate for as long as they pleased and wherever they thought necessary. They were to be accorded the fullest opportunities of taking evidence, and all possible assistance in procedure from the Congolese officials. Mr. Fox-Bourne, however, assures us that the president of the commission has only obtained three months' leave of absence from his duties as Attorney-General of the Court of Cassation. This would allow him merely two months for actual investigation in the Congo, and in so short a time it is hardly supposed that he can cover the ground traversed last year by Mr. Casement, to say nothing of other regions of the State. Limitations like these do not augur well for the thoroughness of the inquiry.

"However excellent may be the private intentions of the commissioners, their proceedings will probably become the subject of stormy controversy, as may be seen, indeed, from one case which has already arisen. Some English missionaries from the Congo, who happened to be at home, had requested to be allowed to give evidence before the commission left Europe. According to M. Hermann, the commissioners were quite willing and a date was fixed, but the missionaries 'sneaked off.' Mr. Fox-



Or our poor heads shall be cut off and sold! —Kladderadatsch (Berlin)

umny. Mr. Morel's book on the Congo has given great offence in Belgium. It is alleged to consist of "prejudiced allegations," while his tales of horror are denounced in various Brussels papers as "fabrications" pure and simple. It is generally conceded in London dailies, however, that matters have been brought to such a pass that action is imperative. The numerous stories of maiming, mutilation, ill-treatment of women and children, gross corruption of high officials, and complicity of King Leopold in almost every form of maladministration have aroused English public opinion to an almost unprecedented extent. Yet, to revert again to the *Independence Belge*:

"A certain section of the English press continues its campaign against the independent state of the Congo, and the lying and calumnious affirmations are renewed each day and served up to readers on the other side of the Channel without any attempt to furnish the replies of the partisans of the Congo, without any vindication of the reasons of a moral or material nature which have led the majority of the pamphleters to publish the 'revelations' appearing in the newspapers for some years. It certainly seems, as we have hinted already, that there has been some exaggeration in Belgium of the importance of this campaign, and that too much anxiety has been manifested as a result of the British Government's disposition to cause an investigation such as is asked by politicians who regard the affirmations of the Fox-Bournes and the

### Wasted Eloquence.

The perverted teetotal lecturer was getting discouraged. Twice he had asked all the young men in his audience to signify their intention of signing the pledge and each time all had raised hands except one.

"Oh, my friends," he cried, "I am in despair! I have put before you the misery and crime which are caused by this terrible indulgence, and yet one of you declines to pledge himself to become a total abstainer. Why is it? Can it be that he is promising himself to do so

after the festive season's debauch? Can it be—?" And so on for twenty minutes. At last a young man sitting on the right of the benighted individual in question arose.

"If it's my mate you're drivin' at, guv'nor," he said, "allow me to tell you that he's a teetotaler all right, only he's a bit deaf!"

Miss Kreme—Have you Moore's poems? Assistant—Yes, miss; I'll get them for you. By the way, here's a splendid novel called *Just One Kiss*. Miss Kreme (coldly)—I want Moore!

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### The Feminine Note in Literature.

WHAT constitutes the distinctively feminine note in fiction? This question has been again raised, but, the critics complain, not definitely answered, in a recent volume of appreciation from the pen of Mr. William Leonard Courtney, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Courtney states his belief that "a passion for detail is the distinguishing mark of nearly every female novelist," and that this passion for detail is "a quality which belongs to all the best work done by female writers." He cites Miss Austen, in whose books he finds "a turning-point in literary history," as the great exemplar of this quality.

The critic of the London *Times* thinks that some other differentia must be found, as a power of minute observation is at least as obvious in men's work as in women's. He writes:

"Who had more of it than Fielding? Or than Tolstoi? Both Thackeray and Dickens excelled in it when they chose. Heaven knows there is enough of it in Zola. External detail is not Mr. Meredith's strong point, but Mr. Hardy dwells on it lovingly and with tremendous effectiveness. Passing to lesser names of contemporaries, we might say that in M. Huysmans in France and in Mr. George Moore in England the love of detail amounts to a passion indeed."

The same writer goes on to suggest that "an obvious achievement of women writers which no man can equal with such certainty is the exposition of female passion; and he mentions Charlotte Brontë and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. But that apart, he finds the greatest distinction of women writers in a note of comedy, 'a comedy at once firm, light, and merciless.' To quote further:

"Mr. Meredith has laid it down that good comedy can exist only in a society which contains cultivated women. However that may be, cultivated women have achieved written comedy of a peculiar delicacy and point. Of its kind the comedy of Jane Austen is incomparable. It is utterly merciless. Prancing victims of their illusions, her men and women are utterly bare to our understanding, and their gyrations are irresistibly comic. There is no explaining away, no invitation to a pathetic view; she is as free from that as Molière himself. That, no doubt, would not be enough for a feminine note. But Miss Austen does not stand alone, though she stands unapproached of her sex. It is lamentably true that contemporary women writers are mostly in dead earnest, or that they cannot be earnest and amusing as well. The ablest of them take strong and more or less abstract themes—'Lucas Malet,' for instance, with her studies in pathology, and Mrs. Voynich, with her crusade against cruelty—and any difference from a masculine handling of them seems to lie in a certain narrowness in the intensity. Mrs. Craigie showed once a sense of comedy on which one might found great hopes, but it would seem as if the seriousness of her function as an interpreter of life had overshadowed that sense—temporarily, one may hope. Nevertheless in the work of women writers, novelists and letter-writers, whom most men cherish, this note of comedy, of amused observation, of humorous perception does prevail. It is something different from masculine humor, and therefore we may call it a feminine distinction, a really feminine note, if we are bound to find one."

The London *Daily News* believes that the distinctively feminine note in contemporary literature is to be found, not in fiction at all, but in poetry:

"A protest against the bondage of womanhood may be found in poem after poem written by women. These poems do not command large audiences, but immediate 'sales' were never a guide to literary permanence, and they have, after all, the audience 'fit though few' that alone a poet should aspire to."

"That protest runs clearly and definitely through much quotable verse like the following:

"Oh, to be a woman! to be left to pique and pine.  
When the winds are out and calling to this vagrant heart of mine.  
All the boats at anchor, they are plunging to be free—  
Oh, to be a sailor, and away across the sea!  
When the sky is black with thunder, and the sea is white with foam,  
The grey gulls whirl up shrieking and seek their rocky home.  
There is danger on the waters—there is joy where dangers be—  
Alas! to be a woman and the nomad's heart in me."

"It is surely seen at a high point in the *Knights Errant* of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney:

"Spirits of old that bore me.  
And set me, meek of mind,  
Between great dreams before me  
And deeds as great behind,  
Knowing humanity my star  
As first abroad I ride  
Shall help me wear, with every scar,  
Honor at eventide,  
Let claws of lightning clutch me  
From summer's groaning cloud  
Or ever malice touch me  
And glory make me proud."



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## The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge.

By REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

### III. The Origin of the Old Testament.

THE following is the third of the series of six lectures under the above heading which Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., is now delivering on Sunday evenings from his pulpit in the Jarvis street Unitarian Church, and which are appearing weekly in SATURDAY NIGHT. The lectures are attracting a great deal of attention, not only to Mr. Sunderland's church, but to the columns of this paper. Those who have not read those which have already appeared are missing a great literary treat. The following lecture was delivered last Sunday evening. The fourth of the series will appear next week:

It is as natural that there should be sacred books as that there should be any other kind of literature. This is because religion has so deep and essential a place in human nature. If religion is dear and precious to men, then it is inevitable that they should not only prize, but take pains to preserve in permanent literary form, its great truths and teachings, its hymns of devotion, its prayers and liturgies, the history of its struggles, defeats and triumphs, and accounts of the lives of its great teachers, saints and prophets. It is also inevitable that by degrees the earliest and most valued of these should be lifted up into peculiar and ever-increasing reverence, until in time they come to be regarded as having a specially sacred character. This explains the fact that all the more important religions of the world have their sacred books.

Of most of the sacred books of mankind it is not very difficult to trace the origin. But our Old Testament has proved an exception. Hardly any task undertaken by scholars within the past century has been a more difficult one than that of ascertaining the dates, authorship and historic order of the books of the Old Testament. At last, however, thanks to Biblical scholars—those scholars known as higher critics—the task is essentially accomplished. The dates and the true chronological order of the books have been found out, at least approximately, and the authors have been ascertained perhaps as fully as it is possible to find out the writers of books which are so largely composites and which have passed through so many successive editions as it is plain that many of the books of the Old Testament have done.

The center of the difficulties has been found in the Pentateuch, or the first five books of the Bible, commonly called the Five Books of Moses. These books purport to give an account of the creation of the world, and of the first human beings; to give a history of the whole human family for a time, and of one branch of the family—that from which sprang the Jewish people—right on down to their settlement in Palestine under Moses and Joshua, perhaps 1,300 years before Christ. The books also contain a very long and elaborate code of laws, which are represented as having been given supernaturally out of heaven to Moses for the political, social and religious government and guidance of the Hebrew people in Palestine for all time to come.

Could these books have been written by Moses? Was this long and minute code of political and religious laws, found in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, really given to the people of Israel at the beginning of their career in Palestine? When did this code make its appearance? Who wrote it, and who wrote the books as a whole? These are some of the questions which Biblical scholars have found themselves confronted with for a hundred years, as they have studied these first five books of the Old Testament.

At last they believe they have found the answers, and answers which throw a whole flood of light, not only upon the origin of the Pentateuch, but upon the origin, authorship and meaning of the whole body of Old Testament literature. Let us try to see, as fully as the brief time before us permits, what these answers are.

Did Moses write the Pentateuch? Before giving my own thought on this subject, let me quote a few words from Professor George T. Ladd of Yale University, not only an eminent, but a careful and conservative, scholar. Says Professor Ladd: "With very few exceptions anywhere, and with almost no exceptions in those places where the Old Testament is studied with most freedom and breadth of learning, the whole world of scholars has abandoned the ancient tradition that the Pentateuch, in any such form as we have it now, was the work of Moses."

Let us see what are some of the reasons for the acceptance of the new view that the Pentateuch could not have been written by Moses, but came into existence gradually and by a process of growth for the most part many centuries this side of Moses' day.

It is true that if you look in your English Bibles you will find in the titles at the head of these books, the name of Moses. At the beginning of Genesis you find the title, "The first Book of Moses, called Genesis." At the beginning of each of the following four books: Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, you find a heading similarly

claiming for the books Mosaic authorship. You naturally take for granted, therefore, that of course the books were written by Moses, or else these titles would not ascribe them to him. But what is the fact about the titles? Are they a part of the books? Not at all. They are simply something attached to the books by very late editors. But you ask, Are they not founded on some very weighty tradition? I answer: No; scholars like Professor Robertson Smith and Professor Driver of Oxford (and there are no weightier names), who have examined these traditions carefully, tell us that they rest on no historic basis whatever. They are late, and they are wholly without historic value.

But, you ask further, even if we give up the titles, are there not claims made in the books themselves that they were written by Moses? I reply: No, not as books, and not even any considerable portion of any of the books. There are a few brief passages which are ascribed to the pen of Moses, among them the "ten words," so called, or the ten commandments, and some brief fragments in Exodus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. But these are all. As Professor Robertson Smith says: "The history does not profess to be written by Moses, but only notes from time to time that he wrote down (or made memoranda of) certain special things." There is no denying the declaration of Professor Driver that "there is no passage in the Old Testament which ascribes the composition of the Pentateuch to Moses, or even to the Mosaic age."

But if the Pentateuch contains no evidence that Moses wrote it, it goes much further, and contains much evidence that he did not write it—much evidence that it came from times far this side of Moses' age. For example, it gives an account of Moses' death and burial. Could Moses have written that? Men do not often write the account of their own death and burial. It says: "No man knoweth of the sepulchre [of Moses] unto this day." Now the one who wrote that, not only could not have been Moses, but he must have lived a very considerable time after Moses, or else he would not have said "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Again we read: "There arose not a prophet since in Israel, like unto Moses." Of course Moses could not have written that. The statement shows in its very nature that it was penned in a later age. Again we have a reference to kings having reigned in Israel. But no kings had reigned in Israel when Moses lived. Whoever wrote that, therefore, must have lived at least three centuries after Moses, for not earlier than that did Israel have any kings. Again, we read in the book of Numbers the statement: "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." Do meek men write in that way about themselves? Surely the writer of that statement about Moses must have been some one else than himself.

Again, in the narrative of the journey of the children of Israel through the wilderness we find very singular and unaccountable omissions—unaccountable, I mean, on the supposition that Moses was the writer. For example, in one place there is a gap of forty-eight years in the story. The narrative goes on up to a certain point, namely, the time when the children of Israel reach a place called Kadesh. The next sentence takes up the narrative, seemingly where the other laid it down, and goes on, saying: "And the children of Israel, even the whole congregation, journeyed from Kadesh, and came unto Mount Hor." etc. But now when we begin to inquire into the matter, we find that there is an interval of forty-eight years of time between the event described by the one sentence and that described by the next. Can we believe it possible for Moses, the leader of the people in that wilderness journey, to have dropped out forty-eight years of history in which he was so deeply concerned?

These are a few of the evidences coming from the books themselves showing that the Pentateuch could not have been written by Moses, but must have come from some person or persons living much later.

There is another line of evidence quite as strong.

An important part of the Pentateuch is the Levitical law. It fills the whole book of Leviticus, and parts of the books of Exodus and Numbers. What is this Levitical law? I have already answered in part, but not fully enough. We may speak of the Ten Commandments as a part of it, but only a very small part. The Levitical law is made up of a very long and elaborate series of laws and regulations, said to have been given by Jehovah through Moses to the children of Israel, while yet they were in the desert, regulating their whole religious and social life; describing the kind of worship which must be practiced, the kinds of offerings and sacrifices which must be made, the duties of the priests, their dress, how they shall live, the duties of the Levites, ordering that the worship of the people shall be centralized in one place, and ordaining minute regulations for it all. In a word, the Levitical law is an elaborate religious

and civil code for the full government of the nation.

Well, with such a law established at the beginning of their career, we expect, of course, to find constant signs of its presence—we expect to find their religion, their institutions and their lives shaped and governed by it throughout all their subsequent history.

But here we are confronted with a strange thing, an unaccountable thing. As we come on down from Moses' time and read the history and the literature of the nation we find no signs of this law for centuries. The Bible accounts make it plain that the people are not governed by any such law. Their worship is not carried on according to its commands. Neither their institutions nor their national polity are shaped in harmony with its regulations. Nobody seems aware that such a law exists or ever has existed. The Judges know nothing of it. Kings Saul, David and Solomon do not. No more do their successors. The great prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries seem never to have heard of anything of the kind. Indeed the prophets preach a religion quite in opposition to it: for the Levitical law is full of ceremonial and of regulations for sacrificial offerings by the shedding of the blood of lambs and goats and bulls; but the prophets spurn these things, pronounce them an abomination to God, and in the name of the Lord declare: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me." "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, and with ten thousands of rivers of oil? . . . He hath showed thee, O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Such, then, is the situation for hundreds of years after the time of Moses—indeed right on down to the time of the captivity, seven centuries after Moses' day. There was no such law as that of Leviticus in force among the people, nobody seems to have known that such a law ever existed, and the prophets and better religious teachers of the nation taught a religion in many respects radically opposed to it.

Now what conclusion are we to draw from these facts? Is there any that we can draw, except that there is some mistake about any such law ever having been promulgated by Moses? Are we not compelled to believe that it must have come into existence later, very much later? And now note what follows:

The captivity comes—there is yet no appearance anywhere of such a law. The people return from the captivity and still there is no such law, though now there are signs looking in the direction of something of the kind. A little less than a hundred years more pass, and the law appears, full and complete; and from this time on it is in full force among the Jewish people as long as they remain in Palestine.

Could evidence be stronger that here we have the origin of the Levitical law?—that instead of having been established by Moses and ordained as the code of the nation at that early time, as a fact it comes into existence during and soon after the captivity, and only now becomes the law of the nation?

This bringing down the date of the origin of the Levitical law from the time of Moses, about 1300 B.C., to about the fifth century before Christ, is one of the great achievements of the higher criticism. It is a great achievement because it radically changes our conception, not only of the Pentateuch, but of the whole Old Testament. Under the old idea that the Levitical law originated with Moses, the whole history of the Jewish people in Palestine was a puzzle, and the whole Old Testament was a mass of confusion. No man could understand it. It was the despair of scholars. There was no order, no progress, no growth, no sequence of cause and effect, no proper development of the people either in their religion or their civilization. But now, under the new thought, with the origin of the Levitical law put not early, but late—as late as the captivity and after—the puzzles and the confusion disappear; now we see a normal progress in the history and institutions and religion of the nation, from first to last; and now for the first time it is possible to assign the various books of the Old Testament to their proper places in the nation's history and development.

With these two keys in our hands—(1) the Pentateuch not written by Moses, but coming into existence much later than Moses, probably by a gradual process; and (2) the Levitical law, which forms an important part of the Pentateuch, originating a hundred years after the captivity, or between eight and nine hundred years after Moses—with these two immensely important keys in our hands, let us go forward to study the leading events of the history of Israel and the origin of the Old Testament literature.

I would like you to fix in mind three dates as conspicuous above all others in Old Testament history. The first is the year 1300 B.C. This we may set down as the date of the end of the Exodus, or the arrival of the children of Israel in Palestine under Moses. Moses was a great character. We do not know very much about him. Many of the stories concerning him which we find in the book of Exodus are doubtless legends. Yet we have reason to believe that in the midst of the legends there is a powerful and noble personality, who brought the scattered tribes of his people from the borders of Egypt, ruled and disciplined them for many years in the wilderness of the Sinai peninsula, gave them the germs of a higher morality and a better religion than they had known before, and led them to Palestine, the land which had been the home of some of their ancestors. Thus to Moses belongs the everlasting honor of being the man who laid the foundation of the Hebrew Nation and Religion.

The second date that I would like you to fix in mind is the year 1000 B.C.—300 years after Moses. Here rises before us a second great historic character. It is David. If Moses laid the foundation of the nation, David built up the superstructure into great strength. Under David and his son Solomon the nation rose to its greatest political power.

The third date to which I call attention is 600 B.C. This, in round numbers, marks the time of the breaking up of the nation by the captivity. Soon after Solomon the kingdom had divided into two, a northern and a southern. After a brief and disturbed career the northern kingdom was overthrown by the great conquering empire of the east, Assyria, and what was known as the ten tribes were taken away into an exile from which they never returned. A century and a quarter longer the southern kingdom held out, and then, too, fell before the same irresistible foe; Jerusalem was laid waste, the holy temple was destroyed, and the leading families of the people were taken away captives to distant Babylon. With this terrible calamity the nation lost its independence, never again to regain it for any length of time. After fifty years or so, some of the people return from Babylon and rebuild the city of Jerusalem and the temple, but it is on a smaller scale than the old, and what we have from this time on is less a nation than a church.

From the time of David and Solomon there had been to the nation politically little but disaster. But religiously there had been on the whole prosperity. The eighth and seventh century prophets had arisen and done their splendid work, lifting up before the people worthier conceptions of God and higher ethical ideals than had ever been known before.

ALMOST EVERYBODY WEARS



FIT WELL LOOK WELL WEAR WELL

## MALTESE CROSS RUBBERS

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The beginning of the captivity saw two very distinct religious advances. One was the leaving behind of idolatry, which up to that time had been a constant temptation to the people. The other was the enlarging of the conception of Jehovah from that of the God of Israel to that of the God of the whole world. These were both gains to religion of the very highest importance.

We are now ready to inquire regarding the origin of the various books of the Old Testament. In doing so, let us go to the dates already named.

Imagine yourselves in Palestine at the time when Moses is just finishing his great career (1300 B.C.). How much of the Bible is in existence? Not the Pentateuch. Probably no part of the Pentateuch except an abbreviated form of the Ten Commandments, and very likely several fragments of ancient songs or poems which we find set like gems in the midst of prose surroundings in Genesis, Exodus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. These very early poems and poetical fragments are of much interest because they are the very beginnings of Hebrew literature so far as that literature has been preserved. We do not know with any certainty how old they are. If they were composed during the life of Moses or earlier, then of course they were in existence at the time of his death, in some form, possibly in writing, or possibly they may have been transmitted orally for many generations after Moses before assuming written form. But even if they existed in writing at the time of his death, they were in no Bible book as we have it to-day, for no such book came into existence until centuries after Moses' time. Moses undoubtedly had a knowledge of letters. But in that age of the world such knowledge was confined to the favored few. We cannot believe that it was possessed by the company of slaves which Moses led from Egypt to Palestine. Whatever religious instruction came to the people from him was probably passed down to the generations following, by word of mouth, as is the manner with most early peoples, and not by writing.

Now let us leave the age of Moses and come down to that of David (1000 B.C.). How much of the Bible is in existence by this time? In the book of Judges we find a song which probably was composed and perhaps was committed to writing during the three hundred years which separated Moses from David. It is the picturesque, wild, in some respects beautiful, but savage "Song of Deborah," praising the deed of Jael, the Israelitish woman who slew Sisera, a captain in the enemy's army, by driving a tent-pin through his temples while he was sleeping in her tent, whither he had come, seeking refuge from his pursuers. This is the only bit of literature in the Bible which we can determine with any certainty as having had its origin within these three centuries.

One very short poem of great beauty we have in the second book of Samuel, which may have come from David's time, and possibly from the pen of David himself. It is an elegy entitled the Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan. It begins: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: How are the mighty fallen! Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, And in their death they were not divided."

The common belief has been that many of the Psalms come from David. This belief is passing away. Scholars of highest authority now attribute to him few psalms, and many attribute to him none. Indeed, it is a question whether any psalm was written within two centuries of David's time.

Now let us leave David's age and come down to that of the captivity. Our leap is across a period of four hundred years, from 1000 B.C. to 600 B.C. What did that period do in the way of producing literature for the Old Testament which was sometime to make its appearance? It did much, and the reason why is plain. Up to the time of David the people of Israel had not reached a sufficiently advanced condition of civilization to make any considerable literary production possible. Not only was the moral condition of the people low, but their intellectual condition was correspondingly low. But there was progress. The rise of the kingdom to power and influence under David and Solomon, and the building of the temple, stirred new life everywhere. The time was approaching when literary activity must make its appearance. A century or so after David this literary activity begins, by the appearance of one, and then, fifty years or so later, another, collection of old Hebrew narratives. We do not know the collectors' names. But that is no matter. There was among the people a growing sense of national life and an increasing pride in the nation's past. These show themselves by first one collector, in the south, and then the other, in the north, undertaking the task of gathering together all they could find of old tales, old traditions, old legends, old songs, old bits of wisdom, coming down from the past, and treasured now in the minds of the people, especially traditions and tales regarding the supposed ancestors of the Hebrew people.

Would you like to know the character of these two collections of early Hebrew narratives? You can find out by turning to the Pentateuch in your Bibles. The collections comprised a considerable part of that matter which you find in the Pentateuch outside of the Levitical law—that is to say, some of the legends and myths at the beginning of Genesis, some of the stories about Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph further on in Genesis, some of the stories about Moses in Exodus, and considerable other similar matter found in the other books of the Pentateuch. They also contained certain narratives which we find in Joshua and in two or three other historical books. These two collections were preserved; they were circulated among the people, first separately, and then united into one book; and finally, after several centuries, a considerable part of their contents was joined with the Levitical code and some other priestly matter. The result of this union was what? It was our present books of Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers. The book of Deuteronomy came into existence separately.

Besides these two precious collections of old Hebrew narratives already mentioned, the centuries between David and the captivity produced something else still more precious. It was the prophetic books of Amos, Hosea, Micah, and the prophecies of the first Isaiah. These are the oldest books of the Bible. There are fragments older, as we have seen. There were collections of ancient stories made before these books were written, as we have seen. But these fragments and collections do

not stand in the Bible by themselves; they have been woven in with other material. But the writings of the prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. remain as distinct books, and as such are our oldest scriptures. The rise of these prophets and the coming into existence of the prophetic literature which we have from them, were great events in the history of Israel. They mark a distinct advance both in civilization and religion.

As we have seen, the captivity, when it came, was a tremendous crisis. It was virtually the death of the nation. But it brought a new birth to religion. The time of the captivity was a period of great literary as well as religious activity among the Jewish exiles in Babylon. Several prophetic books were written. The most important of these were Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the prophecies of a writer whose name is not known, but who is often called the second Isaiah, and whose prophecies are found in the last twenty-seven chapters of our book of Isaiah. Besides the writings of these prophets the researches of scholars make it clear that the historical books of Judges, I. and II. Samuel, and I. and II. Kings, were written in Babylon. And, as we have already seen, the Levitical code proves to have been a product largely of the captivity.

With the captivity over, and the Jews once more in possession of their own land, their literary activity does not cease. A surprisingly large number of the books of the Old Testament date from the period after the return from Babylon. Some which have been supposed to come from many centuries before the captivity, are discovered to be the products of a time, after the captivity, within four or three or two or less than two centuries of the birth of Christ.

Some of these late books of the Old Testament are Daniel, five or six of the lesser prophets, Ruth, Job, the Song of Songs, Ecclesiastes, Chronicles, Esther, Proverbs and the Psalms. The date of Ruth was once supposed to be 1300 B.C. It is now found to be about 450 B.C. Job is brought down from 1500 B.C. to 450 or 400 B.C. The Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes have been thought to be the works of Solomon. They are discovered to date as late as six hundred years after Solomon. Daniel was thought to have been written in the sixth century B.C.; it is found to be the product of the second. It was written after the events which we had supposed it predicted. The book of Proverbs was supposed to be mainly if not wholly the composition of Solomon. It is found to be a collection of the aphoristic wisdom of the Jewish people, gathered together by degrees, and put into its final form as we have it to-day about the year 300 B.C.

The book of Psalms, as I said two weeks ago, instead of coming mainly from David, is the hymn-book of the Jewish people, and the product of many devout souls. Probably some of the psalms were composed before and during the captivity, but it is practically certain that most of them date after the captivity, and some of them as late as two centuries or a century and a half before Christ.

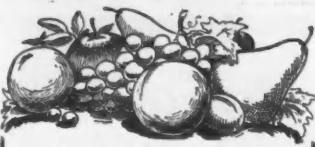
Such is the story which the Biblical scholarship of to-day has to tell us regarding the origin of the books which form our Old Testament. How those books were brought together to form a canon, or a recognized Sacred Book, and why the canon contains just the books it does, and no more, I have no time to-night to consider. I shall hope to touch it briefly in another lecture.

From all that we have seen, several things grow clear. The Old Testament originated in natural and human ways. But let us not misunderstand what that means. It does not mean the absence of God. God's greatest works on earth are always wrought naturally and through man.

The Old Testament is a many-sided book. It is a great book. It is a great book of life, for it helps men to live. Its emphasis is tremendous on conduct, character, justice, duty. It is a great book of morals. It has in it morals that are imperfect, but these ever tend to be outgrown and pushed into the background. The morals that are regnant

Continued on Page Fourteen.





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### Anecdotal

Just before the last total eclipse of the sun, Percival Lowell, the astronomer, told an old negro acquaintance that if he would watch the chickens at his place the next day he would see them go to roost at eleven o'clock in the morning. The negro was plainly skeptical—in fact, looked upon the prophecy as a good joke. But when the event came to pass as the astronomer had said it would, the darkey was not only puzzled but decidedly impressed. "How long, sah, did you know 'bout dis?" he asked the astronomer. "Oh, a long time," "Did you know dey would go to roost a year ago?" "Yes, fully a year ago," "Well, dat beats all," said George, in an awed voice; "dem chickens wuzn't hatched a year ago."

Governor Chamberlain of Connecticut tells of an old friend who, because of his deafness, made some ludicrous and at times embarrassing mistakes. Recently he was at a dinner-party where the lady seated next to him tried to help him along in conversation. As the fruit was being passed, she asked him: "Do you like bananas?" "No," said the old gentleman with a look of mild surprise. "The fact is," he added in a confidential tone, which could be heard in the next room, "I find the old-fashioned night-shirt is good enough for me."

A story of British stolidity is going the rounds. A certain wealthy "American" in London dropped into a shop to purchase a set of decanters. As the purchase represented more money than he had on his person at the time, he gave his address at the hotel, and instructed the assistant to mark them C.O.D. The assistant made a note of the request, but the purchaser was surprised to find the goods left at the hotel without demand for payment. When the parcel was unpacked, however, it developed that each decanter had been beautifully engraved in twining letters, "C.O.D."

Congressman Sydney E. Mudd of Maryland was approached in one of the House lobbies recently by a Marylander in search of a job. The applicant wanted the Congressman's endorsement. "Where do you live?" asked Mr. Mudd. "In Baltimore," replied the applicant, hopelessly. "But Baltimore's not in my district," declared Mr. Mudd, edging away. "I know I'm not in your district," replied the seeker for political office, "but I used to live in your district once, for almost three months." "Son," said Mr. Mudd, impressively, "there is no past tense in politics—only present and future."

The English language is supposed to be very simple in the matter of genders. But foreigners who triumphantly handle questions of gender of inanimate things in their own languages often have their difficulties with the English. A Frenchman recently came to grief over his English. "I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madam," he remarked politely to his hostess. "En-croch, monsieur," she smilingly corrected him. He threw up his hands in despair. "Ah, your English genders!" he sighed.

President Hadley of Yale was traveling in Yellowstone Park when he chanced upon a young man whom, from his appearance, he judged to be a student. "This is a wonderful scene, isn't it?" said the professor. The stranger smiled, nodded to his questioner, and turned, without speaking, to look at the view. "Do you think," asked President Hadley, now confirmed in his idea that he was talking to a student, "that this chasm was caused by some great up-

heaval of nature, or is it the result of erosion or glacial action? What are your views?" "My views," said the stranger quickly, opening a bag he carried containing photographs, "are only two dollars a dozen, and are cheap at the price. Let me show you some samples."

Congressman Cooper of Texas tells about a distinguished army officer who, on one occasion, offered prayer before a regiment. He summed up the causes and objects of the war—the war with Mexico—and asserted that it was no war of conquest, but annexation only, concluding his supplication to the throne of grace with: "I refer you, good Lord, to Polk's message on this subject."

Upon one of his Western tours Bishop Potter spent a few days at the home of a prominent churchman. The latter's wife took particular pains in making the bishop's room worthy of the guest, and among other things intended for his comfort put a fine silver toilet-set on the bureau. The bishop, however, preferred his own, and transferred the set provided to a bureau drawer. The consequence was that when the hostess went to the bishop's room after his departure, the silver set was missing. She worried for several days, then finally summoned up courage to write a very apologetic letter to the bishop, asking if by chance he had found any of the articles among his luggage. There was an immediate and characteristic reply. The telegram read as follows: "Poor but honest. Look in the washstand drawer."

Archbishop Ireland doesn't mind telling a joke on himself. The archbishop always dresses so unostentatiously that no one could guess his episcopal rank from his street garb. Traveling one day in a rural district, he met a good-natured woman in the car who, after some general conversation, asked him: "You're a priest, father, aren't you?" In a bantering mood, the archbishop thought he'd try a quibble to put her at her ease, so he answered: "No, my good woman, I'm no longer a priest." The woman gave him a pitying glance. Then she said, soothingly: "Oh, the Lord help us, father! It wasn't the drink, I hope?"

"Bob" Burdette, the preacher-humorist of Los Angeles, tells a story of a rich contractor from the East who was returning in California, and who had great difficulty in twisting the Spanish names of places around his Hibernian tongue. In speaking of San José, Mo-Jave, a vallejo, and other towns which he'd visited, he gave the literal pronunciation, instead of sounding the Spanish f like h. Mr. Burdette attempted to explain, but was interrupted by the Irishman, who exclaimed explosively: "Ye have a foine climate out here, and ye have flowers an' fruit galore; but damn the country, say I, where they spell h-kory wid a j!"

### The Tuneful Liar.

#### The Tides of Love.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer—"Eb," for short, she called her beau—Talk of "tides of love!" Great Caesar! You should see 'em—Eb and Flo.

#### One Idea Of Temperance.

He's an advocate of temperance. But at one meal he takes At least four cups of coffee and A score of buckwheat cakes, These and two pounds of sausage, soaked And soused in grease galore, And four full-grown potatoes, with Six gems and then some more, Make up the main part of a meal, And often he complains Of dizziness and lack of glee— But he from drink refrains! The ones who guzzle rum he thinks Are fools who challenge Fate, And lack in sense and moral force— He thinks he's temperate.

#### Science For the Young.

Carved his name with father's razor; Father, unaware of trouble, Used the blade to shave his stubble. Father cut himself severely, Which pleased little Willie dearly—"I have fixed my father's razor So it cuts!" said Willie Frazer.

Mamie often wondered why Acids trouble alkali— Mamie, in a manner placid, Felt the cat boracic acid, Whereupon the cat grew frantic, Executing many an antic. "Ah!" cried Mamie, overjoyed, "Pussy is an alkaloid!"

Arthur with a lighted taper Touched the fire to grandpa's paper. Grandpa leaped a foot or higher, Dropped the sheet, and shouted "Fire!" Arthur, wrapped in contemplation, Viewed this scene of conflagration. "This," he said, "confirms my notion— Heat creates both light and motion."

Woe, experimental Nina, Dropped her mother's Dresden china From a seventh-story casement, Smashing, crashing to the basement. Nina, somewhat apprehensive, Said: "This china is expensive. Yet it proves by demonstration Newton's law of gravitation."

Weeks—I laughed at my wife when she first took up physical culture for a fad. Weeks—Why don't you now? Weeks—I dassen't.

Little Brother—Rollo, what is the difference between a man and a boy? Big Brother—A man is a boy that is too old to be spanked; that's all the difference.

"I half believe that there's a skeleton in the Kissmores' closet." "I shouldn't wonder. One day when Kissmore took me home with him unexpectedly to dinner I thought I heard it throwing things at him out in the kitchen."

The infant began crying as soon as the visitor arrived, and continued to wail for some time. At last its mamma said, "Please don't mind the baby." "If you would mind it," suggested the guest, "maybe I wouldn't mind it."

## A Sketch of Joseph Conrad

It is a fact little flattering to the self-complacency of the English-speaking peoples that one of the few authors now living who can fairly be described as a master of our language is himself not an Anglo-Saxon, but a Slav, who, moreover, did not acquire the barest acquaintance with the tongue he to-day uses with such supreme success until he had attained to an age of comparative maturity. Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, to give him his full style and title—as a concession to our weakness he has for many years elected to be known only by his two Christian names—is a native of Poland, and was born in that country in December, 1856. French he learned in infancy, being bilingual, as is the custom of the educated classes of his people, the Polish language being one which does not carry a man far beyond certain very circumscribed boundaries, but of English he knew no single word until after he had reached the age of nineteen. Belonging to the number of those who are "born restless"—a band which counts fewer representatives among Slavs than among most European races—he early found the itch of travel gnawing him to wanderings; and being a young Pole, with all the passionate patriotism and the inherited hatreds of his people, one of his first adventures was a journey to Constantinople, where he hoped to find an opportunity of fighting for the Turks against the Russians. In this endeavor he was unsuccessful, and he subsequently made two or three voyages to the West Indies on board a French merchant vessel.

It was about this time that he found quick and warm in him an overpowering passion for the sea, and of all the nations of the Old World, Great Britain bulked big in his imagination as the one which held the lordship of the ocean. It came at once his desire to enroll himself in the ranks of her mercantile marine, and to this end he crossed the Channel and took up his quarters in a coast town of England. His relations in Poland, inland folk every one of them, not unnaturally regarded his project as an inexplicable madness, his objection by the sea as a species of dementia, but finding that he was bent upon having his own way they wisely refrained from placing any serious obstacle between him and his desires. Accordingly young Conrad presently shipped as an A.B. on board a coasting vessel, belonging to and commanded by one of the friends whom he had made in England; later satisfied the Board of Trade as to his proficiency in seamanship and obtained a mate's certificate, and in the capacity of second mate made that adventurous voyage to Bangkok in an unseaworthy vessel which he has so graphically described in *Youth*. The ship, it will be remembered, sprang leaks and later caught fire, the gases imprisoned under the crust of coke formed by the water pumped down into the hold, finally exploding and wrecking the vessel utterly. Conrad and most of the crew, however, contrived to escape, and made their way to Bangkok, where he won his first glimpse of the wonder and the beauty, the glitter and the mystery, of the East. What that experience meant to the imaginative youngster has been told with inimitable force in the tale already mentioned: the marvel of it all gripped him, but what is most interesting is the fact that the young Polish sailor, all unconscious of the power within him, was even then noting, recording in his memory, storing up for a use he dreamed not of, materials that later were to make him famous.

For twenty years or thereabouts Joseph Conrad passed up and down the world, usually as mate, occasionally as master of the ships on which he sailed, visiting all quarters of the globe, and latterly running regularly from Singapore to the ports of eastern Borneo. During these two decades, save to write on his log-book and to scrawl out of himself a reluctant letter to Poland, he never set pen to paper, nor had seemingly an inkling of the literary genius within him. English, learned in fore-castle, on the bridge, or in the cabin aft, had by now become a language with which he was perfectly familiar, but being an omnivorous reader, he had acquired from books a vocabulary of a wealth and character unusual among men of the British mercantile marine. French literature being equally open to him, he read and reread the works of the great authors of France, selecting always, with the absolute instinct for

style which is one of his qualities, only the best in the classics of the two languages. All unknowingly he was arming himself for the fight in which, at a later period, he was to engage. His eyes were filled with seeing, his ears with hearing. He was assimilating knowledge, impressions, ideas: was acquiring untaught a sense of style: was educating himself for the profession of letters, quite unconsciously, yet with a thoroughness which has not often been equalled.

Then at last, and again almost fortuitously, the hour came when his genius would out. A desire came to him suddenly to rest—to quit the sea for a six months' holiday. During twenty years he had "labored in mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar": now, for a little space, he would be quite idle, and would live ashore. He took a little lodging in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, where the unhappy author of the *City of Dreadful Night* had lived and agonized before him, and gave himself up to indolence. But indolence was not for him. Work had been his taskmaster for a score of years: work of some kind had become to him a necessity. He would not return to sea until the six months had passed, but complete inaction speedily became irksome. Therefore, purely for the sake of occupation, and because, too, the man who can write as Joseph Conrad writes cannot bury his talent eternally, he sat him down and with infinite labor began to work out the book afterwards known as *Almayer's Folly*. He was fresh then from running constantly through the Malayan Archipelago, from Singapore to the east coast of Borneo, and the impression of one Almayer, a lonely Dutch trader, and his half-caste children, whom he had met frequently near Bulungan, was strong upon him. He altered little, not even the proper names, though some of the incidents were wholly imaginary, but the book when completed was a wonderful piece of work. It showed that its author stood possessed of a style, distinctive, original, forceful, extraordinarily effective, which was so plainly an individual method of expression that, for all its peculiarities, it was seen to be entirely free from affectation. The characters in this book, though all of them arrested the attention, were less successful than the descriptions of the lands in which they lived and moved and had their being. Almayer himself was admirably realized and drawn, but the Orientals owed too much to imagination and too little to a true understanding and appreciation of the tangled psychology of the Asiatic. Before the book was finished Conrad had returned to sea, and had taken charge of a steam-launch on the Belgian Congo—an experience which subsequently bore fruit in *The Heart of Darkness*—but *Almayer* was published in '89, and the chorus of applause with which it was greeted by all judges of English literature determined its author's future. Many men can navigate a ship: few can write as Joseph Conrad had shown that he could write.

An *Outcast of the Islands* appeared in '89, and confirmed the impression wrought by its predecessor, though the psychology was still its least strong point; but the following year *The Nigger of the Narcissus* was published, and here the new author was found completely at his best. The book, a piece of sheer autobiography, told the tale of a voyage in a sailing-ship from Bombay to England round the Cape, and contained a series of the most impressive seascapes to be found anywhere in English literature. This alone would have served to give to the volume a lasting value, but the portraits of men—men of the fore-castle and the chart-room—were at last supremely successful. By *The Nigger of the Narcissus* Joseph Conrad won himself a place in the foremost ranks of English prose-writers.

Space forbids that more than a mere mention should be given to *Tales of Unrest*, *Lord Jim*—in a sense the greatest of all the works—and the two volumes of short stories, *Youth* and *Typhoon*.

In Mr. Conrad's latest story, *Nox-tromo*, which has just been published, the author gives ample proof that his skill as a novelist, in construction and in vivid, sustained interest, is increasing with each literary production to which he turns his attention.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

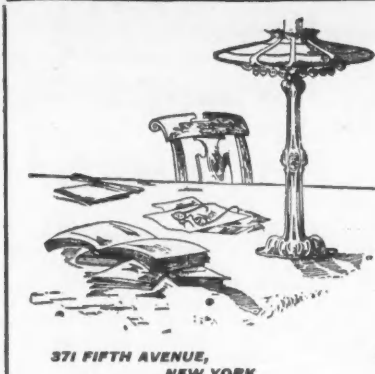
## Society at the Capital

A S years go by, interest in the Opening of Parliament appears among the residents of the Capital to increase rather than abate, and on Thursday, when His Excellency the Governor-General declared the tenth Parliament of Canada opened, there was not a vacant seat on the floor of the Senate chamber, and all available space had been occupied with extra chairs, many late comers being content to remain standing throughout the ceremony rather than miss it. Probably owing to the fact that it was the first Opening under the régime of the new Governor-General, it was the largest and most brilliant assemblage ever seen in the sombre old Senate chamber, which, however, had been brightened and renovated somewhat for the occasion. Canada's wealth, beauty and fashion, from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, was well represented, and the gowns worn by the wives and daughters of our noble men and more magnificent than ever. Lady Grey looked handsome and regal in a gown of cloth of gold, draped in black net heavily embroidered in sequins of black and silver; a handsome diamond necklace and tiara added brilliancy to her costume and she carried a large fan. Lady Sybil Grey wore an 1830 gown of white chiffon satin, with flounces of net be-spangled with gold, which material was also used to drape the simple décolleté bodice. A wreath of green leaves looked very well against her dark hair. The

Lady Evelyn Grey was daintily attired in a gown somewhat resembling that of her elder sister, and in her coiffure wore a gold bandeau. Mrs. Hanbury-Williams was a distinguished-looking figure in a handsome black satin costume, which was relieved by the magnificent diamonds she wore, her necklace and tiara being superb. In former years it has been remarked how white in all materials predominated in the gowns, but this year the favorites seem to have been black and brighter colors. After the more imposing ceremonies had been gone through, the usual receptions in the respective apartments of the Speaker of the Senate and the Speaker of the Commons were well attended by their numerous friends, new and old, and many a pleasant little chat, and also refreshments, were very much enjoyed, and old acquaintances of former years and sessions were renewed.

At the Drawing-room on Saturday night the number of handsome gowns was even more remarkable, the fair sex lavishing outdone all their previous efforts to look their best at this function, which in point of numbers far surpassed anything of the kind that has ever come off at Ottawa, excepting perhaps the Drawing-room held by the Duchess of York. Notwithstanding the excessive crowd, everyone was so good-natured that although many had to remain standing for exactly two hours, moving along step by step before making their bow, yet everyone acknowledged that it was really enjoyable, and during the progress to the

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throne many little groups of friends met and had a jolly chat. To describe the many beautiful, costumes would fill a volume. A great improvement on former years' Drawing-rooms was the fact that all the ladies wore court veils and feathers and all wore them in white which added very much to the beauty of the scene. Another feature which was much commented on as an additional beauty was the electrical display around the throne, which was truly lovely. Lady Grey wore an exquisite toilette of pale blue satin heavily embroidered in gold sequins and pearls, with a black lace court train over white satin, and in place of flowers carried a huge ostrich feather fan.

In the former part of the week a great many social events came off, but the most enjoyable of the many was the tea given by Mrs. S. H. Fleming at the Curling Rink on Tuesday, the hostess being president of the Ladies' Curling Club, at which His Excellency, Lady Grey and party were present. It was a most successful affair, and the table, laden with refreshments and decorated with carnations and ferns in profusion, was the prettiest yet seen this season. The popular hostess, who possesses a bright and mirthful manner, made everyone feel at home and happy. Many of the guests preferred to chat round the tea-table in the warm and cosy reception-room, while others watched several of the members of the club who engaged in a match on the rink.

Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams entertained at a charming little dinner on Tuesday, when their guests included Sir Elzear and Lady Taschereau, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Lake, Hon. Sydney Fisher and Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber.

Mrs. Clifford Sifton charmed the hearts of the younger sessional visitors at the Capital by giving a dance especially for them on Friday evening. Mrs. Sifton has been entertaining a house party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Burrows of Winnipeg and the Misses Larkin of Toronto, and her other guests were Colonel and Mrs. Thompson of Cayuga, the Misses Emmerson of Moncton, Miss Read of Halifax, Miss Deacon of Milton, the Misses Calvert of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrwhitt, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Daly, the Misses White, Mr. and Mrs. Hyndman, the Misses Gibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Kerrigan, Miss Davis of Montreal, Senator Watson of Yarmouth, N.S., Mr. Logan, M.P., Dr. Gardiner, Mr. W. L. McKenzie King, Miss Shennstone of Toronto, Miss Hyman and many others too numerous to mention.

Many of the sessional visitors were also entertained by Lady Laurier at a delightful tea on Friday afternoon, when the guests were charmed to find Sir Wilfrid receiving with his wife. The floral decorations were prettily arranged in cut-glass vases artistically placed about the rooms, consisting of carnations, ferns and roses. Lady Laurier wore an exceedingly handsome gown of dove color embroidered in sequins, and, as usual, greeted her guests in her own bright, cordial manner. Mrs. Willard of Virginia, Miss Hays and Miss Ocan Hays are members of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier's house party, and some of the other guests were Mrs. Frost of Smith's Falls, Mrs. Thompson of St. John, Colonel and Mrs. Sam Hughes and Miss Ruby Hughes of Lindsay, Speaker and Mrs. Sutherland, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman, Mrs. Kerrigan, the Misses Emmerson, Miss Wilson of Cumberland, Senator and Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Lady and Miss Hingston of Montreal, Miss Read of Halifax, Miss Deacon of Milton, Mrs. Harry Ward of Fort Hope, Mrs. McGregor of New Glasgow, and many Ottawans.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne was the guest of honor at a happy little gathering on Thursday, when Mrs. Hugh Fleming entertained at the tea-hour, Mrs. Walter Fleming and Miss Muriel Burrows being her fair assistants.

It was with sincere regret that everyone heard the other day that Mrs. Lake and Miss Clinton had had a hurried recall to England on account of the sudden and serious illness of Miss Clinton's mother, and on Saturday they sailed from New York. Mrs. Lake had made all arrangements for a large ball which was to have come off in the Racquet Court on January 20, and which consequence has had to be indefinitely postponed.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, January 16, 1905.

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"Yes, sir."

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"Two men? I've only mentioned one."

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# MUSIC

THE highly-finished and well-balanced interpretations of the masterpieces of chamber music by the Kneisel Quartette afford additional proof, if one were needed, that it is not at all necessary to have these compositions played by four great virtuosi to secure the best results. Experience has proved in fact that great soloists have often too much individuality and occasionally too many mannerisms to make effective performers of *concertante* music. It may be objected to these statements that the Joachim Quartette, which delighted musical London for so many years, was a virtuoso organization. This, however, cannot be correctly said of the party as a whole. Joachim and the late Piatti, at the extreme ends of the quartette, were probably the two greatest soloists on their respective instruments in the world, but then they had special genius in *ensemble* work. And Joachim indeed has been the great classicist of the nineteenth century. I make these remarks as having reference to the splendid work done by the Kneisel Quartette at their recital in Association Hall on Monday evening last in the presence of a large audience, with presumably highly cultivated musical taste. The members of this quartette will hardly be included in the list of the world's great soloists, but they are all accomplished executants and musicians, and there is no one man among them that towers like a giant above his associates to disturb the symmetry and balance of their work. The magnificent results obtained by the Kneisel Quartette have been secured mainly by dint of constant and painstaking rehearsals directed by judgment and artistic appreciation of the spirit and contents of the music selected. The performances of the quartette give the impression that their music is read by one mind and played by one person. One notes the differences of timbre of the four instruments; in other respects it is a case of the perfect union of four in one. To a certain extent the programme of Monday night was a trifle severe, the staple fare being drawn from the productions of the great trinity of B's—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. The opening number, Beethoven's Quartette in C major, op. 59, while a fine work, free from obscurity or introspectiveness, is a little too extended for the average music lover, taking more than half an hour in the performance. I see no artistic necessity for playing the whole of a long quartette, sonata or symphony, even if a great composer's name is attached to it. Students of musical literature and biography know very well that as a rule the various movements of such works were not composed at one time, nor originally intended for the same work. To cite an instance, the *presto finale* of the *Kreutzer Sonata* of Beethoven was intended for quite another work, but the composer, being in a hurry to finish the *Kreutzer*, tacked on this *finale* without perhaps troubling himself whether it was conceived in the same spirit as the other movements. One would suggest, therefore, that it would be found an advantage to select only the most graceful movements from the large chamber music works, unless one is assured of audiences who have exceptional powers of absorption. It would make quartette concerts more popular and enjoyable, if a vocalist were engaged to sing between the string numbers, a practice resorted to for years at the London Monday Popular Concerts. The second number on the Kneisel scheme, Bach's *Chaconne* for violin alone, is another very long composition. There is a good deal of dry scholastic material in it, and it is not well suited to the genius of the violin. Attempts to make the violin sing in three or four parts generally result in scratchiness or impurity of intonation. The only violinist who impressed me with this composition is Joachim, whose style, tone and technique when in his prime enabled him to play it in a way that was the despair of his rivals. Mr. Kneisel, however, despite the nature of the *Chaconne* played many portions of it with delightful charm, and in the double stopping of the expressive sections, he brought out a very rich, smooth tone, and invested the music with much tenderness of feeling. The novelties, extracts from Debussy's Quartette in G minor, op. 10, Brahms' Quartette in A minor, op. 51, No. 2, and Hugo Wolf's *Italian Serenade* were most grateful. The Brahms number did not prove a bugbear of mere scientific elaboration, but on the contrary, melodious and attractive, and the other numbers were well worthy of a hearing, being graceful and appealing, and musically in structure. The public are indebted for the visits of the Kneisel Quartette to the Women's Musical Club.

The Mendelssohn Choir are announcing their complete programmes for their cycle of concerts to take place on the 15th, 16th and 18th of February. The orchestral selections were mentioned in this column last week. The choral numbers for each night are as follows: On Wednesday evening, *O Day of Penitence*, Gounod, for eight-part chorus, a capella; *Lander Kennung*, by Grieg, for men's voices, a capella; *King of Kings*, Grieg; *Scots Wha Hae*, arranged by Leslie; *Christmas Song*, Cornelius; *Wraith of Odin*, by Elgar; concluding with Gounod's *Gallia* for eight-part chorus and orchestra, the soloists on this evening being Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, soprano, and Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, bass. On Thursday evening, *Psalm 137*, for eight-part chorus and orchestra, and the first part of Berlioz's *Faust* for chorus and orchestra, the solos in each of these numbers being taken by Mr. Edward P. Johnson, tenor, of New York. The accompanying numbers will be: *I Hear the Soft Note*, a madrigal by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and *The Bells of St. Michael's Tower*, by Sir R. P. Stewart. On Saturday evening, *In Silent Night*, by Brahms; *Ode to Music*, by Dudley Buck; Brahms' alto *Rhapsody*, solo by Miss Muriel Foster, the eminent English contralto, accompanied by the men's voices of the choir. Miss Foster will also contribute a group of songs entitled *Sea Pictures*, by Dr. Elgar; *Evening Hymn*, by Dr. Martin, the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and concluding with the incidental music to *King Arthur*, for chorus and orchestra, by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. An analysis of these programmes reveals the high artistic and educational value of the efforts of our local society, their selections being of such a catholic nature as to embrace nearly all the great schools of composition. As has been the case in former years, Mr. Vogt is again producing some of the best efforts of the English school represented by such representative composers as Dr. Edward Elgar, the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Martin of St. Paul's Cathedral, the late Sir R. B. Stewart, and the late Henry Leslie; the classical German composers are represented by Beethoven, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Liszt, Brahms, Weber, Cornelius, and the more romantic school by Goldmark; the French composers by two of the finest exponents of their music, Gounod and Berlioz, Russian by Tchaikowski, and American by Dudley Buck. Subscriptions for these concerts will be accepted until February 1, if addressed to the secretary, Mr. T. A. Reed, 6 Colborne street, Toronto.

At the invitation of Dr. Torrington, the distinguished delegates from Newfoundland, Sir E. P. Morris, Mr. A. B. Morine, Mr. M. W. Furlong, Mr. John P. Fox, Mr. R. Reid and Sir J. S. Winter, visited the Metropolitan Church on Thursday to hear the magnificent new organ, lately presented by Mrs. Massey Treble. Dr. Torrington gave a recital which showed the resources and beautiful quality of tone of the instrument and the visitors from Newfoundland thoroughly appreciated the various compositions played and the beauties of the organ.

The committee of the Sherlock Vocal Society have engaged the following soloists for their concert in Massey Hall on Saturday evening, February 11: Caroline Cutler of Boston, soprano; Theodore Van York of New York, tenor, and Julian Walker of New York, the eminent basso. The work to be produced by the society is Haydn's *The Seasons*. The chorus and orchestra are busily engaged preparing for what promises to be an even more successful concert than that of last year, when *The Creation* was performed by them. The subscription list, in the hands of the members, is assuming satisfactory proportions, and already a large house is assured.

A vocal, piano and organ recital was given at the Toronto College of Music last Saturday afternoon by pupils from the intermediate grade. Those taking part were: Piano—Edna Sanderson, Ethel Mason, Grace Kent, Josephine Creech, Winnifred Stevens, Sadie McDermott, Dorothy Graham, May Kelly, Ruth McCowan, Olive Hendershott, Maud Dowley, May Collaton; vocal—Mrs. Downey, Ruth McCowan, Annie Mason, Miller; organ—W. A. Staples, Roy Robertson, violin number was given by Roy Coulter. The teachers represented were Messrs. Fairclough and Jeffers, Mrs. Howson, Mrs. McGinn, Misses Porter, Veitch, Ashworth and Grant, and Mr. Eggett.

London seems to resemble New York in its attitude toward Richard Strauss. The *Truth* says that the attempt to create a Strauss boom has so far failed, and that "perhaps a certain amount of reaction on the part of some who were at first among Strauss's sworn adherents in this country has also been discernible."

The *Daily Examiner*, of Peterboro', in referring to Mr. Harry Field's playing at the Y.M.C.A. concert there, says: "Mr. Field is a brilliant pianist, and his equal has not been heard in town for many years. He is a thorough master of the pianoforte, and scored a triumph in his numbers last night. His pro-

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Continued from Page Eleven.

and supreme in it are the highest—those that can never be outgrown. It is a great book of religion. It shows religion in many phases. But ever the progress is upward. The great religious words of the Old Testament are righteousness and love; righteousness is the supreme word of the prophets, love the supreme word of the psalms. No words can be higher. Righteousness throned above in God; righteousness and love in the hearts and lives of men—these are the loftiest and noblest conceptions of religion that man can know.

The Biblical scholarship of to-day makes the Old Testament a very different book from that of the old thought. I do not believe it makes it a book of less power to draw men toward righteousness and love.



### "OF TWO EVILS, ETC."

Friend (below)—Hi! What are you trying to do up there?

Master of House—Sh! When I went out to-night I forgot to take my latch-key—and I tell you it's a dangerous thing to waken my wife!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

### Inscrutable

Why does your spirit ever wear a mask, And ever ask a riddle in your eyes? Watchful, as one who fearing a surprise

Makes an eternal vigilance his task? I pour my love like wine from out a flask Before you, but I never may surmise If under that inscrutable disguise Lurks foe or friend. Which is it, may I ask?

I feel myself drawn to you by a spell Beyond defining; by some subtle power That makes my heart a captive, unafraid; And yet, my soul itself knows just as well Some casual acquaintance of an hour, Or some chance partner at a masquerade. THE SINGER.

Willie—Engaged to Jack? Then you won't marry Harry, after all! Emma—Not after all. But maybe after Jack.

### California Excursions.

The Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line runs through first-class Pullman and tourist sleeping cars to points in California. Personally-conducted excursions from Chicago every week. Lowest rates. Choice of routes. Finest scenery. Special attention given to family parties. For maps, illustrated folders, and rates, address B. H. Bennett, general agent, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

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**ERNEST H. LAWSON**

43 Victoria Street - TORONTO  
Phone Main 4991



SCENE FROM GHOSTS, AT THE PRINCESS NEXT MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

### Story of Ghosts.

GHOSTS is the story of a woman who has faithfully acted as a model wife and mother, sacrificing her self at every point with unselfish thoroughness. Her husband is a man with a huge capacity and appetite for sensuous enjoyment. Society, prescribing ideal duties and not enjoyment for him, drives him to enjoy himself in underhand and illicit ways. When he marries his model wife, her devotion to duty only makes life harder for him, and he at last takes refuge in the caresses of an undutiful but pleasure-loving housemaid, and leaves his wife to satisfy her conscience by managing his business affairs whilst he satisfies his cravings as best he can by reading novels, drinking and flirting, as aforesaid, with the servants. Mrs. Alving feels that her place is by her husband for better or worse, and by her child. Now the ideal of wifely and womanly duty which demands this from her also demands that she should regard herself as an outraged wife, and her husband as a scoundrel. The family ideal again requires that she should suffer in silence, and, for her son's sake, never shatter his faith in the purity of home life by letting him know the truth about his father. It is her duty to conceal that truth from the world and from him. In this she only falters for a moment.

Her marriage has not been a love match; she has, in pursuance of her duty as a daughter, contracted for the sake of her family, although her heart inclined to a highly respectable clergyman, a professor of her own idealism, named *Manders*. In the humiliation of her first discovery of her husband's infidelity, she leaves the house and takes refuge with *Manders*, but he at once leads her back to the path of duty, from which she does not again swerve. With the utmost devotion she now carries out a tremendous scheme of lying and imposture. She so manages her husband's affairs and so shields his good name that everybody believes him to be a public-spirited citizen of the strictest conformity to current ideals of respectability and family life. She sits up at night listening to his lewd and silly conversation, and even drinking with him, to keep him from going into the streets and betraying what she considers his vices. She provides for the servant he has seduced, and brings up his illegitimate daughter as a maid in her own household. And as a crowning sacrifice, she sends her son away to Paris to be educated there, knowing that if he stays at home the shattering of his ideals must come sooner or later. Her work is crowned with success. She gains the esteem of her old love, the clergyman, who is never tired of holding up her household as a beautiful realization of the Christian ideal of marriage. Her own martyrdom is brought to an end at last by the death of her husband in the odor of a most sanctified reputation, leaving her free to recall her son from Paris and enjoy his society and his love and gratitude. But when he comes home the facts refuse to oblige him as ever to correspond to her ideals. Oswald, the son, has inherited his father's love for enjoyment, and when, in dull, rainy weather, he returns from Paris to the solemn, strictly-ordered house where Virtue and Duty have had their temple for so many years, his mother sees him first show the unmistakable signs of boredom with which she is so miserably familiar from of old; they sit after dinner killing time over the bottle, and finally—the climax of anguish—he begins to flirt with the maid who, as his mother alone knows, is his own father's daughter. But there is this world-wide difference in her insight to the cases of the father and the son. She did not love the father; she loves the son with the intensity of a heart-starved woman who has nothing else left to love. Instead of recoiling from him with pious disgust and Pharisaical consciousness of normal superiority, she sees at once that he has a right to be happy in his own way, and that she has no right to force him to be dutiful and wretched in hers. She sees, too, her injustice to the unfortunate father, and the iniquity of the monstrous fabric of lies and false appearances which she has wasted her life in manufacturing. She resolves that the son's life, at least, shall not be sacrificed to joyless and unnatural ideals. But she soon finds that the work of the ideals is not to be un-

done quite so easily. The house shall be made as bright as Paris for him; he shall have as much champagne as he wishes until he is no longer driven to any dangerous resource by the dullness of his life with her; if he loves the girl he shall marry her; if she were fifty times his half-sister. But the half-sister leaves the house, for she, too, is her father's daughter, and is not going to sacrifice her life in devotion to an invalid. When the mother and son are left alone in their dreary home, with the rain still falling outside, all she can do for him is to promise that if a doom (insanity) which he fears overtakes him before he can poison himself, she will make a final sacrifice of her natural feelings by performing that dreadful duty, the first of all her duties that has any real basis. Then the weather clears up at last, and the sun, which the young man has so longed to see, appears. He asks her to give it to him to play with, and a glance at him shows her that the ideals have claimed their victim, and that the time has come for her to save him from a real horror by sending him from her out of the world, just as she saved him from an imaginary one years before by sending him out of Norway.

The last scene of *Ghosts* is one of the most tragic ever witnessed. So impressive is it that when the curtain falls the spectators usually remain motionless in their seats for several minutes. Then they burst into applause and reward the actors with oft-repeated curtain calls.

## Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column inquiries, unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

FAY.—There is no reason why "a decent correspondent" should not be answered, in her turn; neither, my dear woman, is there any reason why an editor should receive an abusive letter concerning some other letter which may or may not have been properly posted, but which never reached this column. I wish you a Happy New Year and a less hasty temper. The one you've got is not desirable.

M. ARD.—It is a very vital, dominant, determined and slightly pessimistic study, mistrustful of humanity and discreet in dealings, but while amply considerate of Number One, not averse to generous action. A study meant for large and initial enterprise. October 25 brings you under Scorpio, the great power of the ocean. You are a fine specimen of the type and should make and keep many friends. If, as so many Canadians have done, you have taken up nursing, you should be a capital nurse. There is a great dash and swing in your lines, the sign of a magnetic and forceful character.

AN IRISH GIRL.—You are, above all, greedy for power, and would enjoy the ruling of any or everyone with whom you come in contact. You are brightly perceptive and very animated and fond of society and excitement. You are self-assertive and self-reliant, and always frank and outspoken with, however, great clearness of thought and good tenacity of purpose. Your birthday brings you between two influences hard to overcome—they are the devious-minded Cancer, of July, and the feline Leo of August. The love of show of which the palmist told you is one of the Cancer weaknesses; dress, jewels, display are dear to the Cancer woman, whose earliest impressions should be towards simplicity and worth rather than vain show. Yours isn't a very reliable or steady nature, but what would you? We Irish don't evolve the steadfast types very often. They say there is a certain charm about our "onreasonableness" too!

MINNEWASKA.—I shall keep your recommendation in mind. Yes, the St.

but one is never able to take in those huge things in a few days which makes a visit very exasperating. I suppose you went in October. You might let me know how it struck you. I don't think your character is developed as it will be. At present it shows some immaturity, but on the whole the study is frank, good-tempered, generous and practical.

FROM UP NORTH.—You are cheerful, adaptable, affectionate, with many loose ends and ill-directed impulses. You are apt to respond to sentiment and have some persistence of purpose, with an off-hand courage and a healthy amount of ambition. There is no vanity nor love of display and the tone is uncultured but worthy, tenacious, undiplomatic and not sympathetic.

SOPHIE F.—There is a good deal of speculation, some inquisitiveness, cheerful and affectionate disposition, discreet and rather cautious, a little bit selfish. The tone is formal, and expresses itself in commonplaces, but with a certain pleasant fluency. While not an attractive hand, it has touches of cleverness.

EVELYN.—I dare say I said it was clever, administrative and full of purpose and would probably be original in method and successful in accomplishment. I'm sure you'd have a most tell-tale signature, as your self-reliance and perseverance are first-class, though you never thirst for power over others. Your constancy may not be eternal, but you are devoted for a while. You have some pride, good courage, like your own way, and have some moments when you forget rule and rote. It is a very interesting and characteristic specimen.

W. M.—The letter received, and will be answered shortly. The breath of the Orient was greatly appreciated, and commission will be attended to at once. A copy was sent you for Christmas properly stamped and addressed; strange you did not get it. When you call upon that friend give my very best and say I am not able to go for some time, in May perhaps, or later en route for England.

REGISTERED LETTER.—No such communication was received, and such would not be received without my knowledge. Sorry you've had to wait for an answer. Your writing shows impatience and a generally restless and uneasy nature. You are suspicious, and rather nervously self-conscious. At the same time you have talent, genius perhaps, and will make your mark, if you haven't already done so. The little sketches are charming and the composition very pretty. Why don't you get some dainty pen to write some words to the "Abendlied"? It will make a very sweet song. I cannot give you the lady's address you ask, but you will find it in the telephone book. Try and learn to wait a little for what you desire. Impatience is such a silly weakness. I am so interested in your work that I hope to hear again.

### At Shea's Next Week.

The Navajo Girls will head the bill at Shea's Theater next week in an up-to-date musical act. There are twelve handsome young women in this act who play a variety of instruments. They open as the Navajo Girls in Indian music, with stage setting and costume to correspond. Four of them are seen as hunters in striking costumes. Then four of them come on as Colonial Girls, next eight girls in natty sailor costume with rollicking sailor song and dance; then twelve military girls in a sensational and scientific sword drill. Finally, they come on twelve in number as a full brass band. They have several other specialties. As an extra attraction Mr. Shea has secured Clayton White and Marie Stewart in their latest version of *Dickie*. These clever people always have something new. Mr. White was leading man of the celebrated Lyceum Stock Company in New York, and is considered one of the cleverest of actors. Miss Stewart is peculiarly suited to the *réles* which fall to her. Another act that will be new is that of Simon and Paris, the droll Greeks of antiquity. This is a pantomime which has had a successful tour of European theaters. Press Eldridge, always amusing, will sing a little foolishness and talk a little nonsense. Kathryn Osterman assisted by G. Rolland Sargent appears in a delightful little comedy entitled *Emma's Dilemma*; the Misses Delmore in vocal and instrumental selections; Hal Merritt with his pictures and interesting conversation; Mooney and Holbein in a singing and dancing sketch. There will be a new selection of pictures.



## Arts &amp; Crafts



## For Art Lovers Especially

THOSE who love grace and beauty in outline; those who appreciate the value and meaning of proportions in construction, may be called *art-lovers*. The presence of these instincts marks the artist, or the person of artistic taste. The artistic taste of Canadian people is well known to be of a high order, and it was the demand for artistic *home decoration*, and artistic and comfortable *home furniture* that gave birth to the **United Arts & Crafts, Limited**. The Arts & Crafts' aim is to replace the stiff, ungainly furniture that mars so many otherwise handsome homes, with something reflecting more credit upon the taste of the owners, and more credit upon the art of making fine furniture in Canada. Arts & Crafts have been true to their aim; steadfast to their high art ideals. They have made an enviable name for themselves that is familiar in the studios of artists and in the homes of the cultured and refined. Art and the love of art are the impulses that actuate the Arts & Crafts' workshop. To embody art in furniture is not expensive. We have no desire to charge exorbitant prices. We can make furniture plain, yet make it artistic, and give it that *bel air* *distingue* without making it cost any more than equally good furniture would cost anywhere.

Q If you are an "art-lover"; if you appreciate artistic things in decoration or furniture, you are invited to visit our showrooms, and are assured an unqualified welcome.

Q Correspondence regarding interior decoration or special orders for furniture promptly answered. Estimates furnished.

Workshop Showrooms: Number 1012 YONGE STREET  
Down Town Showrooms: LAWLOR BLDG., Cor. KING & YONGE

The United Arts & Crafts, Limited



## North Toronto—

VOTE FOR

# HUGH BLAIN

For the Legislature

He is the type of man North Toronto should have to represent it.

Election January 25th



## SOCIETY

Miss Ida Homer Dixon went up to Winnipeg on Wednesday, to visit Mrs. Shaw, who has been here on a visit to her. Miss Homer Dixon has a brother in Winnipeg, and her friends wish for her a royal time in the North-West.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin came to town the beginning of the week. Mrs. Griffin is remaining for a visit to her mother at Benvenuto. Their little boy, Martin, is a fine little chap, and looks as if the North-West agreed well with him. Mr. Griffin returned immediately to Winnipeg, the few friends who had a glimpse of him in his con-skin coat and furs were glad to see him looking in the pink of condition.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Gooderham left for New York on Monday evening.

Captain Harbottle and his mother are settled in the Bank of Hamilton Chambers, at the intersection of Queen and Spadina. Mrs. Harbottle receives on the third Friday.

Mrs. Lumsden's tea on Monday was the rendezvous of society, not quite happy at the idea of its being a farewell to the hostess, but hoping for frequent visits to Toronto later on. Mr. Lumsden is in Ottawa, busy with his new duties, and Mrs. Lumsden will follow him immediately. On Monday she was very sweet and gracious in a heliotrope *crêpe de Chine* gown, softly draped, and with which she wore a necklet of amethysts. Mrs. Whitney, her mother, in her pretty white cap and shawl, received many pleasant attentions in the second drawing-room, and in the tea-room Miss Muriel and Miss Rena Whitney, daughters of Mr. Forbes Whitney,

and Miss Lillian Whitney, daughter of Mrs. Clarence Whitney, with Mrs. Bingham Allen and Mrs. Allan Cassels, were most winning and attentive to the guests. Some of the ladies present were Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. and Miss Wragge, Mrs. Sankey, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mrs. E. F. Blake, Miss Yarker, Mrs. H. Osler and Miss Christie, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Lemesurier, Miss Todd, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Hagarty, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Ashworth, Mrs. W. Blake, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Miss Nicol, Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mrs. Charles McInnes, Mrs. Hammond.

Mr. R. G. Reid and Mr. W. D. Reid returned to Montreal on Saturday night, where Mrs. W. D. Reid spent the week while the arbitration case was on in Toronto. Hon. Edward Blake entertained the members of the commission at dinner on the same evening. The lawyers and others engaged in the arbitration were Sir Edward Morris, Sir William Winter, Mr. Furlong, Mr. Archibald, all from Newfoundland. Mr. and Mrs. Brown of St. John's were also in town last week, guests at the King Edward.

Captain A. J. Stewart-Balmain sailed by the *Umbria* for England this week.

The afternoon teas go on merrily at the Foreign Picture Exhibit, and Canon Cody gave an excellent lecture there on Thursday evening on *Monasticism: Its Ideals and Work*.

Dr. George A. Campbell (brother of Dr. Frank A. Campbell of Toronto), who has been recently residing in that settlement of retired army and navy

officers, Ealing, near London, recently died, and an English paper gives these particulars regarding him: "Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, George Andrew Campbell, M.D., R.N. (retired), of 2 St. Leonard's road, Ealing, whose death on Monday, at the age of 68, is announced, was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and at Harvard, and at Kingston, Ont., where he took his M.D. degree in 1859. Entering the navy in 1860, he became a staff-surgeon in 1872, and in that rank served in the *Hecla*, at the bombardment of Alexandria on July 11, 1882, during the Egyptian campaign, which followed, and throughout the naval and military operations near Suakim, in the Eastern Sudan, in 1884. For his war services he received the Egyptian medal, with the Alexandria and Suakim clasps, and the Khedive's bronze star. He was promoted to the rank of fleet-surgeon in 1883, and retired in 1891 as a deputy inspector-general."

Mrs. John Macbeth of Sussex County gave a very pleasant dinner of twenty-four covers in honor of Mrs. Patterson of Embro and Miss Violet Freeland, two pretty women visiting friends in town. The dining-room was reserved for the little feast, and the table handsomely decorated with pink and red roses. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, with whom Miss Freeland is on a visit; Major and Mrs. James Cooper Mason, Miss Langmuir, Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Dwight, Miss Helliwell, Miss Hughes, Miss McGill, Mr. McGill, Mr. Harry McMillan, Captain Le Duc, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Frank Strathy, Mr. Norman Macrae, Mr. Grose of Montreal.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro and her young daughter, Miss Flossie Patterson, are visiting friends in town, and several pretty affairs have been given for Mrs. Patterson. A "not-out" small tea for some girl friends was also on the list for Miss Flossie during their stay.

## A Crying Evil.

THE question as to the number of children we shall have is supremely agitating at the present time.

Some ladies claim that where one is changing husbands all the time even one baby is superfluous and any more would be a public nuisance. For one thing, babies are always more or less in the way. They interfere with European travel and are hard to hold in horse-cars, cannot be sent by freight or express, nor checked at a hotel. They seem to be naturally wicked, are hard to raise, and seldom repay the trouble they cause.

A baby around the house often interferes with the pleasures of the nurse. He is always falling out of his carriage or interrupting her in the midst of an exciting novel. A nurse ought to have as good a time as anyone else, but the baby often keeps her from the highest enjoyment. It is hard for her to run downstairs and call up her best fellow when the baby is running loose without a collar or leader. Along with other modern conveniences, every well-regulated house ought to have a telephone switch in the nursery and save the gentle and patient nurse as many steps as possible.

Babies are generally admitted to be a poor security. Although a great deal of money is put into them, no baby would be accepted as collateral by one's butcher or broker. They draw relatives, are hard to name, and almost always develop the worst traits of our ancestors, not to mention ourselves.

The number of babies had by unelligent and shortsighted parents doesn't matter in kind, but in degree. If one baby is a general nuisance, it stands to reason that two of them ought to be twice as bad. But the truth is, by the law of permutation, two are three times as bad as one, and three six times as bad as two.

A single baby can be stowed away in an alcove or a soap-box and his cries muffled by any hard-hearted old female, but a trained nurse and a corps of faithful assistants will fail in the case of two.

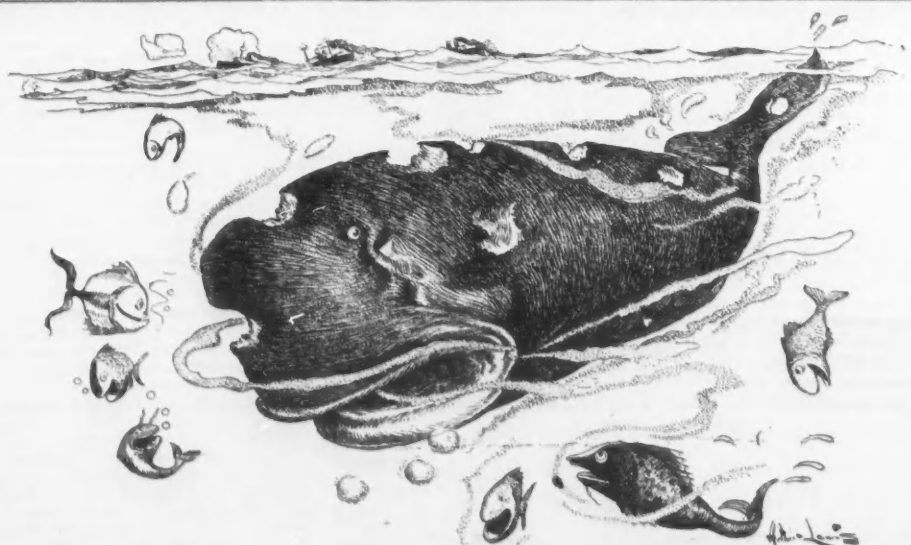
That is the supreme danger of having babies, anyway. Providence has no head for figures. One of them can be decently tolerated and treated by the philosophic mind like any other bad investment. But when we are up against two or three of them, as the stork may be—when we have to elbow our way down to breakfast in the morning and there is a wintry forest of cribs in all the upper stories, almost any kind of a hereafter is a welcome change.

It is a common belief that when, in our youthful days, the sanctity of our homes is invaded by babies, it's such a real good thing, because they will support us in our old age. But by the time the returns are beginning to come in the chances are about ten to one that our candidates are going to be beaten at the polls. Most of us by that time are too old to care. What we need most of all is someone to support us while we are bringing the babies up.

It's all very well, when you are about eighty years old, and full of rheumatism and reminiscences, to sit by the fireside of your wealthy son-in-law or daughter-in-law and while you are spinning some prosy old yarn to your delighted audience, to have your brow smoothed by gentle hands, and a twenty-dollar-a-month maid standing over you with her arms full of rare old Madeira and Canary in gold decanters. But that isn't what happens in real life. What happens in real life is that you are relegated to some drafty attic room for about twenty hours a day to nurse your troubles and keep them to yourself, are put on a regular allowance of about thirty cents a week, and then, when the word is passed around that "grandpa" is coming to join the family circle, there is a general stampede for the outskirts of the estate. Your baby boy of thirty years ago, the patter of whose footsteps you listened to, wondering what the shoe bill would be, and thinking of the glorious future, is now busy with troubles of his own, and has no time for "grandpa's" heart-to-heart talks.

We should be wrong to deprecate babies too strongly. There are two sides to every calamity. Occasionally we hear of a baby who has made himself useful, has successfully broken open a bank and got away with all the money, or else been smart enough to grow up and become a magnate, robbing the general public and his country and thereby developing into a respectable member of the community.

But, speaking generally, babies are to be deplored. They always come when not wanted. They are out of place. They hinder education, interrupt the reading of the popular magazines, keep us up nights, and oftentimes humiliate us.



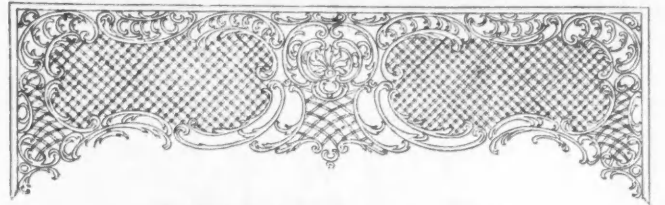
ANOTHER RUSSIAN BLUNDER.

Mr. Snapper—What's the matter, Mr. Whale?  
Mr. Whale—Matter! Why, I just went to the surface to blow myself, and a fleet of Russian cruisers took me for a Jap submarine and made me look like a Swiss cheese—that's what's the matter!

## The O'Keeffe Mantel and Tile Co.

are making extensive alterations in their mantel showrooms. During the balance of the month will sell Andirons, Gas Logs, Fenders, and Fire Place goods at prices which you cannot afford to miss.

The O'Keeffe Mantel and Tile Co.  
97 Yonge Street, Toronto



DESIGNS AND PRICES SUBMITTED ON

Decorative Grilles and Interior Hardwood Fittings.

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ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS

LIFE SIZE PHOTO FREE

SPECIAL OFFER:

\$3.50 For a Life-Size Crayon  
and One Dozen Photos.

Le Maitre's Studio

CLOUDY DAYS ARE AS GOOD AS

SUNSHINE FOR SITTINGS.

688 YONGE ST., TORONTO

\$3.50

This Coupon is good for one life-size Portrait 11x14 inches, and one dozen cabinet portraits, all for three dollars and fifty cents. All work guaranteed.

This offer is good until used. CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Present this Coupon at Time of Sitting

## NORTH TORONTO

Your Vote Is Requested for

## Dr. Beattie Nesbitt

The Liberal-Conservative Candidate  
for the Legislative Assembly.

ELECTION ON 25th JANUARY.

deeply, cutting us to the heart by their great numbers and frequency. They spread undelighting diseases, promote germs, and are constantly adding to the number of undesirable folks.

If there could be a regular baby industry, in which only the first-class article were permitted to exist, much mitigation of the present unhappy state of affairs might result. As it is, there are too many seconds. Damaged goods are thrown on the market, with no thought of the result, except to get rid of them.

Every baby ought to have the maker's guarantee, and when he doesn't come up to the mark he ought to be returned C.O.D. At present, however, there seems nothing to do but to mourn our gain.

TOM MASSON.

## Modern.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles met yesterday, and the following resolutions were passed:

Any pedestrian caught crossing a street, if run over by an auto, will be careful not to entangle himself in the machinery, so as not to make it any more expensive for the owner than possible.

Every judge before fining a wealthy automobilist should first look up his social standing.

Any person in a carriage who fails to

jump out of the way for an automobile coming up behind, when the horn is tooted, should be taken from the hospital as soon as he is able to be moved, and thrown into jail.

Anyone who writes a letter to a paper protesting against reckless driving of automobiles will be severely reprimanded and, if the offence is repeated, will be required to take part in the next international race.

Deacon Ironjaws—I must admit, the ways of Providence are beyond my understanding. Grimshaw—How kind of you!

Amelia H. of Woonsocket writes to ask if a man with an eagle eye is therefore a bird. Certainly not, Amelia. No more than that the man who lives by his pen is necessarily a pig.

## The Bank of Hamilton.

The statement of the Bank of Hamilton, just published, for the current half year, is certainly a most satisfactory one, showing a profit at the rate of 16 1-3 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the bank in that time. For the six months since their last meeting they have paid a dividend at the rate of ten per cent. per annum.



**W.A. Murray & Co. Limited**  
17 to 31 King St. East & 10 to 20 Colborne St. & Victoria St. King to Colborne St. & TORONTO.

## Our Famous Sale of Whitewear

No sign yet of a lull in the extraordinary interest that Toronto women have taken in this store's January Sale of Whitewear. Of course we didn't expect a lull, not so soon at any rate, for we've vast lots of garments in reserve to replenish the bargain tables as fast as the forward stock is sold.

Night Gowns worth	2.00 to 9.00
January Sale prices—	1.25 to 6.00
Corset Covers worth	1.10 to 4.50
January Sale prices—	.75 to 3.00
Drawers that sold at	1.00 to 5.00
January Sale prices—	.65 to 3.50



**W. A. Murray & Co. Limited**

Kay's Canada's Greatest Carpet House Kay's

## January Sale of Carpet Squares

OUR early new year's sale of Parquet Squares made up from the season's ends of carpets is an attractive feature of business in this store. We are able to show hundreds of these Carpet Squares, made from the best quality and the most popular selling lines of Axminster, Wilton and Velvet Carpets. It is the good selling lines that run into ends and we dispose of them in this way.

You will find a large range of them on the ground floor convenient for inspection as you enter the main doors. They are in almost every size and range in price easily one-third to one-half less than the regular price of the carpets, with the making into squares practically thrown in. The rug and the carpet square is a popular form of floor covering. We specify a few sample prices:—

### PARQUET SQUARES

Size 12.10 x 12, containing 30 yards, for..	\$33.00
Size 11.10 x 10.6, containing 23 yards, for..	27.00
Size 13.3 x 10.6, containing 26 yards, for..	26.00
Size 13.8 x 10.6, containing 26 yards, for..	26.50
Size 13 x 11.1, containing 28 yards, for..	30.00
Size 11.6 x 10.1, containing 23 yards, for..	26.50
Size 13.7 x 10.6, containing 26 yards, for..	32.00

Shoppers out of town can have every satisfaction in ordering these by mail.

**John Kay, Son & Co., Limited**  
36-38 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

**Jenkins' Furniture**

Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

**B. M. & T. Jenkins**  
422-424 YONGE ST., TORONTO  
Montreal. London, Eng.

The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge.

Continued from Page Eleven.

and supreme in it are the highest—those that can never be outgrown.

It is a great book of religion. It shows religion in many phases. But ever the progress is upward. The great religious words of the Old Testament are righteousness and love; righteousness is the supreme word of the prophets, love the supreme word of the psalms. No words can be higher. Righteousness throned above in God; righteousness and love in the hearts and lives of men—these are the loftiest and noblest conceptions of religion that man can know.

The Biblical scholarship of to-day makes the Old Testament a very different book from that of the old thought. I do not believe it makes it a book of less power to draw men toward righteousness and love.



"OF TWO EVILS, ETC."

Friend (below)—Hi! What are you trying to do up there?  
Master of House—Sh! When I went out to-night I forgot to take my latch-key—and I tell you it's a dangerous thing to waken my wife!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Inscrutable.

Why does your spirit ever wear a mask, And ever ask a riddle in your eyes? Watchful, as one who fears a surprise Makes an eternal vigilance his task? I pour my love like wine from out a flask Before you, but I never may surmise If under that inscrutable disguise Lurks foe or friend. Which is it, may I ask?

I feel myself drawn to you by a spell Beyond defining; by some subtle power That makes my heart a captive, unafraid; And yet, my soul itself knows just as well Some casual acquaintance of an hour, Or some chance partner at a masquerade.

THE SIGHER.

Willie—Engaged to Jack? Then you won't marry Harry, after all! Eunice—Not after all. But maybe after Jack.

### California Excursions.

The Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line runs through first-class Pullman and tourist sleeping cars to points in California. Personally-conducted excursions from Chicago every week. Lowest rates. Choice of routes. Finest scenery. Special attention given to family parties. For maps, illustrated folders, and rates, address B. H. Bennett, general agent, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

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**ERNEST H. LAWSON**

43 Victoria Street - TORONTO  
Phone Main 4331



SCENE FROM GHOSTS, AT THE PRINCESS NEXT MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

### Story of Ghosts.

GHOSTS is the story of a woman who has faithfully acted as a model wife and mother, sacrificing her self at every point with unselfish thoroughness. Her husband is a man with a huge capacity and appetite for sensuous enjoyment. Society, prescribing ideal duties and not enjoyment for him, drives him to enjoy himself in underhand and illicit ways. When he marries his model wife, her devotion to duty only makes life harder for him, and he at last takes refuge in the caresses of an undutiful but pleasure-loving housemaid, and leaves his wife to satisfy her conscience by managing his business affairs whilst he satisfies his cravings as best he can by reading novels, drinking and flirting, as aforesaid, with the servants. Mrs. Alving feels that her place is by her husband for better for worse, and by her child. Now the ideal of wifely and womanly duty which demands this from her also demands that she should regard herself as an outraged wife, and her husband as a scoundrel. The family ideal again requires that she should suffer in silence, and, for her son's sake, never shatter his faith in the purity of home life by letting him know the truth about his father. It is her duty to conceal that truth from the world and from him. In this she only falters for a moment.

Her marriage has not been a love match; she has, in pursuance of her duty as a daughter, contracted for the sake of her family, although her heart inclined to a highly respectable clergyman, a professor of her own idealism, named *Manders*. In the humiliation of her first discovery of her husband's infidelity, she leaves the house and takes refuge with *Manders*, but he at once leads her back to the path of duty, from which she does not again swerve. With the utmost devotion she now carries out a tremendous scheme of lying and imposture. She so manages her husband's affairs and so shields his good name that everybody believes him to be a public-spirited citizen of the strictest conformity to current ideals of respectability and family life. She sits up of nights listening to his lewd and silly conversation, and even drinking with him, to keep him from going into the streets and betraying what she considers his vices. She provides for the servant he has seduced, and brings up his illegitimate daughter as a maid in her own household. And as a crowning sacrifice, she sends her son away to Paris to be educated there, knowing that if he stays at home the shattering of his ideals must come sooner or later. Her work is crowned with success. She gains the esteem of her old love, the clergyman, who is never tired of holding up her household as a beautiful realization of the Christian ideal of marriage. Her own martyrdom is brought to an end at last by the death of her husband in the odor of a most sanctified reputation, leaving her free to recall her son from Paris and enjoy his society and his love and gratitude, in the flower of his early manhood. But when he comes home the facts refuse as obstinately as ever to correspond to her ideals. Oswald, the son, has inherited his father's love for enjoyment, and when, in dull, rainy weather, he returns from Paris to the solemn, strictly-ordered house where *Virtue and Duty* have had their temple for so many years, his mother sees him first show the unmistakable signs of boredom with which she is so miserably familiar from of old; they sit after dinner killing time over the bottle, and finally—the climax of anguish—he begins to flirt with the maid who, as his mother alone knows, is his own father's daughter. But there is this world-wide difference in her insight to the cases of the father and the son. She did not love the father; she loves the son with the intensity of a heart-starved woman who has nothing else left to love. Instead of recoiling from him with pious disgust and Pharisaical consciousness of normal superiority, she sees at once that he has a right to be happy in his own way, and that she has no right to force him to be dutiful and wretched in hers. She sees, too, her injustice to the unfortunate father, and the iniquity of the monstrous fabric of lies and false appearances which she has wasted her life in manufacturing. She resolves that the son's life, at least, shall not be sacrificed to joyless and unnatural ideals. But she soon finds that the work of the ideals is not to be un-

done quite so easily. The house shall be made as bright as Paris for him; he shall have as much champagne as he wishes until he is no longer driven to any dangerous resource by the dullness of his life with her; if he loves the girl he shall marry her if she were fifty times his half-sister. But the half-sister leaves the house, for she, too, is her father's daughter, and is not going to sacrifice her life in devotion to an invalid. When the mother and son are left alone in their dreary home, with the rain still falling outside, all she can do for him is to promise that if a doom (insanity) which he fears overtakes him before he can poison himself, she will make a final sacrifice of her natural feelings by performing that dreadful duty, the first of all her duties that has any real basis. Then the weather clears up at last, and the sun, which the young man has so longed to see, appears. He asks her to give it to him to play with, and a glance at him shows her that the ideals have claimed their victim, and that the time has come for her to save him from a real horror by sending him from her out of the world, just as she saved him from an imaginary one years before by sending him out of Norway.

The last scene of *Ghosts* is one of the most tragic ever witnessed. So impressive is it that when the curtain falls the spectators usually remain motionless in their seats for several minutes. Then they burst into applause and reward the actors with oft-repeated curtain calls.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures, unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

FAY.—There is no reason why "a decent correspondent" should not be answered, in her turn; neither, my dear woman, is there any reason why an editor should receive an abusive letter concerning some other letter which may or may not have been properly posted, but which never reached this column. I wish you a Happy New Year and a less hasty temper. The one you've got is not desirable.

M. ARD.—It is a very vital, dominant, determined and slightly pessimistic study, mistrustful of humanity and discreet in dealings, but while amply considerate of Number One, not averse to generous action. A study meant for large and initial enterprise. October 25 brings you under Scorpio, the great power of the ocean. You are a fine specimen of the type and should make and keep many friends. If, as so many Canadians have done, you have taken up nursing, you should be a capital nurse. There is a great dash and swing in your lines, the sign of a magnetic and forceful character.

AN IRISH GIRL.—You are, above all, greedy for power, and would enjoy the ruling of any or everyone with whom you come in contact. You are brightly perceptive and very animated and fond of society and excitement. You are self-assertive and self-reliant, and always frank and outspoken with, however, great clearness of thought and good tenacity of purpose. Your birthday brings you between two influences hard to overcome—they are the devious-minded Cancer, of July, and the feline Leo of August. The love of show of which the palmist told you is one of the Cancer weaknesses; dress, jewels, display are dear to the Cancer woman, whose earliest impressions should be towards simplicity and worth rather than vain show. Yours isn't a very reliable or steady nature, but what would you? We Irish don't evolve the steadfast types very often. They say there is a certain charm about our "onraibneableness" too!

MINNEWASKA.—I shall keep your recommendation in mind. Yes, the St.

but one is never able to take in those huge things in a few days which makes a visit very exasperating. I suppose you went in October. You might let me know how it struck you. I don't think your character is developed as it will be. At present it shows some immaturity, but on the whole the study is frank, good-tempered, generous and practical.

FROM UP NORTH.—You are cheerful, adaptable, affectionate, with many loose ends and ill-directed impulses. You are apt to respond to sentiment and have some persistence of purpose, with an off-hand courage and a healthy amount of ambition. There is no vanity nor love of display and the tone is uncultured but worthy, tenacious, undiplomatic and not sympathetic.

SOPHIE F.—There is a good deal of speculation, some inquisitiveness, cheerful and affectionate disposition, discreet and rather cautious, a little bit selfish. The tone is formal, and expresses itself in commonplaces, but with a certain pleasant fluency. While not an attractive hand, it has touches of cleverness.

EVELYN.—I dare say I said it was clever, administrative and full of purpose and would probably be original in method and successful in accomplishment. I'm sure you'd have a most tell-tale signature, as your self-reliance and perseverance are first-class, though you never thirst for power over others. Your constancy may not be eternal, but you are devoted for a while. You have some pride, good courage, like your own way, and have some moments when you forget rule and rote. It is a very interesting and characteristic specimen.

W. M.—The letter received, and will be answered shortly. The breath of the Orient was greatly appreciated, and commission will be attended to at once. A copy was sent you for Christmas properly stamped and addressed; strange you did not get it. When you call upon that friend give my very best and say I am not able to go for some time, in May perhaps, or later en route for England.

REGISTERED LETTER.—No such communication was received, and such would not be received without my knowledge. Sorry you've had to wait for an answer. Your writing shows impatience and a generally restless and uneasy nature. You are suspicious, and rather nervously self-conscious. At the same time you have talent, genius perhaps, and will make your mark, if you haven't already done so. The little sketches are charming and the composition very pretty. Why don't you get some dainty pen to write some words to the "Abendlied"? It will make a very sweet song. I cannot give you the lady's address you ask, but you will find it in the telephone book. Try and learn to wait a little for what you desire. Impatience is such a silly weakness. I am so interested in your work that I hope to hear again.

### At Shea's Next Week.

The Navajo Girls will head the bill at Shea's Theater next week in an up-to-date musical act. There are twelve handsome young women in this act who play a variety of instruments. They open as the Navajo Girls in Indian music, with stage setting and costume to correspond. Four of them are seen as hunters in striking costumes. Then four of them come on as Colonial Girls, next eight girls in natty sailor costume with rollicking sailor song and dance; then twelve military girls in a sensational and scientific sword drill. Finally, they come on twelve in number as a full brass band. They have several other specialties. As an extra attraction Mr. Shea has secured Clayton White and Marie Stewart in their latest version of *Dickie*. These clever people always have something new. Mr. White was leading man of the celebrated Lyceum Stock Company in New York, and is considered one of the cleverest of actors. Miss Stewart is peculiarly suited to the rôle which fall to her. Another act that will be new is that of Simon and Paris, the droll Greeks of antiquity. This is a pantomime which has had a successful tour of European theaters. Press Eldridge, always amusing, will sing a little foolishness and talk a little nonsense. Kathryn Osterman assisted by G. Rolland Sargent appears in a delightful little comedy entitled *Emma's Dilemma*; the Misses Delmore in vocal and instrumental selections; Hal Merritt with his pictures and interesting conversation; Mooney and Holbein in a singing and dancing sketch. There will be a new selection of pictures.



## Arts &amp; Crafts



## For Art Lovers Especially

**HOSE** who love grace and beauty in *outline*; those who appreciate the value and meaning of *proportions* in construction, may be called *art-lovers*. The presence of these instincts marks the artist, or the person of artistic taste. The artistic taste of Canadian people is well known to be of a high order, and it was the demand for artistic *home decoration*, and artistic and comfortable *home furniture* that gave birth to the **United Arts & Crafts, Limited**. The Arts & Crafts' aim is to replace the stiff, ungainly furniture that mars so many otherwise handsome homes, with something reflecting more credit upon the taste of the owners, and more credit upon the art of making fine furniture in Canada. Arts & Crafts have been true to their aim; steadfast to their high art ideals. They have made an enviable name for themselves that is familiar in the studios of artists and in the homes of the cultured and refined. Art and the love of art are the impulses that actuate the Arts & Crafts' workshop. To embody *art* in furniture is not expensive. We have no desire to charge exorbitant prices. We can make furniture *plain*, yet make it *artistic*, and give it that *bel air* *distingue* without making it cost any more than *equally good* furniture would cost anywhere.

Q If you are an "art-lover"; if you appreciate artistic things in decoration or furniture, you are invited to visit our showrooms, and are assured an unqualified welcome.

Q Correspondence regarding interior decoration or special orders for furniture promptly answered. Estimates furnished.

Workshop Showrooms: Number 1012 YONGE STREET  
Down Town Showrooms: LAWLOR BLDG., Cor. KING & YONGE

The United Arts & Crafts, Limited



## North Toronto—

## VOTE FOR

# HUGH BLAIN

For the Legislature

He is the type of man North Toronto should have to represent it.

Election January 25th



Miss Ida Homer Dixon went up to Winnipeg on Wednesday, to visit Mrs. Shaw, who has been here on a visit to her. Miss Homer Dixon has a brother in Winnipeg, and her friends wish for her a royal time in the North-West.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin came to town the beginning of the week. Mrs. Griffin is remaining for a visit to her mother at Benvenuto. Their little boy, Martin, is a fine little chap, and looks as if the North-West agreed well with him. Mr. Griffin returned immediately to Winnipeg, the few friends who had a glimpse of him in his coat and hat were glad to see him looking in the pink of condition.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Gooderham left for New York on Monday evening.

Captain Harbottle and his mother are settled in the Bank of Hamilton Chambers, at the intersection of Queen and Spadina. Mrs. Harbottle receives on the third Friday.

Mrs. Lumsden's tea on Monday was the rendezvous of society, not quite happy at the idea of its being a farewell to the hostess, but hoping for frequent visits to Toronto later on. Mr. Lumsden is in Ottawa, busy with his new duties, and Mrs. Lumsden will follow him immediately. On Monday she was very sweet and gracious in a heliotrope *crêpe de Chine* gown, softly draped, and with which she wore a necklet of amethysts. Mrs. Whitney, her mother, in her pretty white cap and shawl, received many pleasant attentions in the second drawing-room, and in the tea-room Miss Muriel and Miss Rena Whitney, daughters of Mr. Forbes Whitney,

and Miss Lillian Whitney, daughter of Mrs. Clarence Whitney, with Mrs. Bingham Allen and Mrs. Allan Cassels, were most winning and attentive to the guests. Some of the ladies present were Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. and Miss Wragge, Mrs. Sankey, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mrs. E. F. Blake, Miss Yarker, Mrs. H. Osler and Miss Christie, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Lemesurier, Miss Todd, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Hagarty, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Ashworth, Mrs. W. Blake, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Miss Nicol, Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mrs. Charles McInnes, Mrs. Hammond.

Mr. R. G. Reid and Mr. W. D. Reid returned to Montreal on Saturday night, where Mrs. W. D. Reid spent the week while the arbitration case was on in Toronto. Hon. Edward Blake entertained the members of the commission at dinner on the same evening. The lawyers and others engaged in the arbitration were Sir Edward Morris, Sir William Winter, Mr. Furlong, Mr. Archibald, all from Newfoundland. Mr. and Mrs. Brown of St. John's were also in town last week, guests at the King Edward.

Captain A. J. Stewart-Balmain sailed by the *Umbria* for England this week.

The afternoon teas go on merrily at the Foreign Picture Exhibit, and Canon Cody gave an excellent lecture there on Thursday evening on *Monasticism: Its Ideals and Work*.

Dr. George A. Campbell (brother of Dr. Frank A. Campbell of Toronto), who has been recently residing in that settlement of retired army and navy

officers, Ealing, near London, recently died, and an English paper gives these particulars regarding him: "Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, George Andrew Campbell, M.D., R.N. (retired), of 2 St. Leonard's road, Ealing, whose death on Monday, at the age of 68, is announced, was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and at Harvard, and at Kingston, Ont., where he took his M.D. degree in 1859. Entering the navy in 1860, he became a staff-surgeon in 1872, and in that rank served in the *Hecla*, at the bombardment of Alexandria on July 11, 1882, during the Egyptian campaign, which followed, and throughout the naval and military operations near Suakim, in the Eastern Sudan, in 1884. For his war services he received the Egyptian medal, with the Alexandria and Suakim clasps, and the Khedive's bronze star. He was promoted to the rank of fleet-surgeon in 1883, and retired in 1891 as a deputy inspector-general."

Mrs. John Macbeth of Sussex Court gave a very pleasant dinner of twenty-four covers in honor of Mrs. Patterson of Embro and Miss Violet Freeland, two pretty women visiting friends in town. The dining-room was reserved for the little feast, and the table handsomely decorated with pink and red roses. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, with whom Miss Freeland is on a visit; Major and Mrs. James Cooper Mason, Miss Langmuir, Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Dwight, Miss Helliwell, Miss Hughes, Miss McGill, Mr. McGill, Mr. Harry McMillan, Captain Le Duc, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Frank Strathy, Mr. Norman Macrae, Mr. Grose of Montreal.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro and her young daughter, Miss Flossie Patterson, are visiting friends in town, and several pretty affairs have been given for Mrs. Patterson. A "not-out" small tea for some girl friends was also on the list for Miss Flossie during their stay.

## A Crying Evil.

THE question as to the number of children we shall have is supremely agitating at the present time.

Some ladies claim that where one is changing husbands all the time even one baby is superfluous and any more would be a public nuisance. For one thing, babies are always more or less in the way. They interfere with European travel and are hard to hold in horse-cars, cannot be sent by freight or express, nor checked at a hotel. They seem to be naturally wicked, are hard to raise, and seldom repay the trouble they cause.

A baby around the house often interferes with the pleasures of the nurse. He is always falling out of his carriage or interrupting her in the midst of an exciting novel. A nurse ought to have as good a time as anyone else, but the baby often keeps her from the highest enjoyment. It is hard for her to run downstairs and call up her best fellow when the baby is running loose without a collar or leader. Along with other modern conveniences, every well-regulated house ought to have a telephone switch in the nursery and save the gentle and patient nurse as many steps as possible.

Babies are generally admitted to be a poor security. Although a great deal of money is put into them, no baby would be accepted as collateral by one's butcher or broker. They draw relatives, are hard to name, and almost always develop the worst traits of our ancestors, not to mention ourselves.

The number of babies had by unimpaired and shortsighted parents doesn't matter in kind, but in degree. If one baby is a general nuisance, it stands to reason that two of them ought to be twice as bad. But the truth is, by the law of permutation, two are three times as bad as one, and three six times as bad as two.

A single baby can be stowed away in an alcove or a soap-box and his cries muffled by any hard-hearted old female, but a trained nurse and a corps of faithful assistants will fail in the case of two.

That is the supreme danger of having babies, anyway. Providence has no head for figures. One of them can be decently tolerated and treated by the philosophic mind like any other bad investment. But when we are up against two or three of them, as the stork may be—when we have to elbow our way down to breakfast in the morning and there is a wintry forest of cribs in all the upper stories, almost any kind of a hereafter is a welcome change.

It is a common belief that when, in our youthful days, the sanctity of our homes is invaded by babies, it's such a real good thing, because they will support us in our old age. But by the time the returns are beginning to come in the chances are about ten to one that our candidates are going to be beaten at the polls. Most of us by that time are too old to care. What we need most of all is someone to support us while we are bringing the babies up.

It's all very well, when you are about eighty years old, and full of rheumatism and reminiscences, to sit by the fireside of your wealthy son-in-law or daughter-in-law and while you are spinning some proxy old yarn to your delighted audience, to have your brow smoothed by gentle hands, and a twenty-dollar-a-month maid standing over you with her arms full of rare old Madeira and Canary in gold decanters. But that isn't what happens in real life. What happens in real life is that you are relegated to some drafty attic room for about twenty hours a day to nurse your troubles and keep them to yourself, are put on a regular allowance of about thirty cents a week, and then, when the word is passed around that "grandpa" is coming to join the family circle, there is a general stampede for the outskirts of the estate. Your baby boy of thirty years ago, the pater of whose footsteps you listened to, wondering what the shoe bill would be, and thinking of the glorious future, is now busy with troubles of his own, and has no time for "grandpa's" heart-to-heart talks.

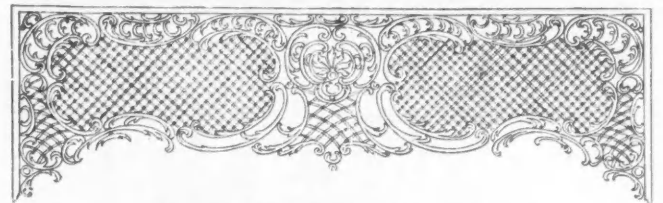
We should be wrong to deprecate babies too strongly. There are two sides to every calamity. Occasionally we hear of a baby who has made himself useful, has successfully broken open a bank and got away with all the money, or else been smart enough to grow up and become a magnate, robbing the general public and his country and thereby developing into a respectable member of the community.

But, speaking generally, babies are to be deplored. They always come when not wanted. They are out of place. They hinder education, interrupt the reading of the popular magazines, keep us up nights, and oftentimes humiliate us.

## The O'Keeffe Mantel and Tile Co.

are making extensive alterations in their mantel showrooms. During the balance of the month will sell Andirons, Gas Logs, Fenders, and Fire Place goods at prices which you cannot afford to miss.

The O'Keeffe Mantel and Tile Co.  
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**\$3.50** This Coupon is good for one life-size Portrait 11x14 inches, and one dozen cabinet portraits, all for three dollars and fifty cents. All work guaranteed. This offer is good until used. CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

**Present this Coupon at Time of Sitting**

## NORTH TORONTO

Your Vote is Requested for

## Dr. Beattie Nesbitt

The Liberal-Conservative Candidate for the Legislative Assembly.

ELECTION ON 25th JANUARY.

deeply, cutting us to the heart by their great numbers and frequency. They spread undelighting diseases, promote germs, and are constantly adding to the number of undesirable folks.

If there could be a regular baby industry, in which only the first-class article were permitted to exist, much mitigation of the present unhappy state of affairs might result. As it is, there are too many seconds. Damaged goods are thrown on the market, with no thought of the result, except to get rid of them.

Every baby ought to have the maker's guarantee, and when he doesn't come up to the mark he ought to be returned C.O.D. At present, however, there seems nothing to do but to mourn our gain.

## Modern.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles met yesterday, and the following resolutions were passed:

Any pedestrian caught crossing a street, if run over by an auto, will be careful not to entangle himself in the machinery, so as not to make it any more expensive for the owner than possible.

Every judge before fining a wealthy automobilist should first look up his social standing.

Any person in a carriage who fails to

jump out of the way for an automobile coming up behind, when the horn is tooted, should be taken from the hospital as soon as he is able to be moved, and thrown into jail.

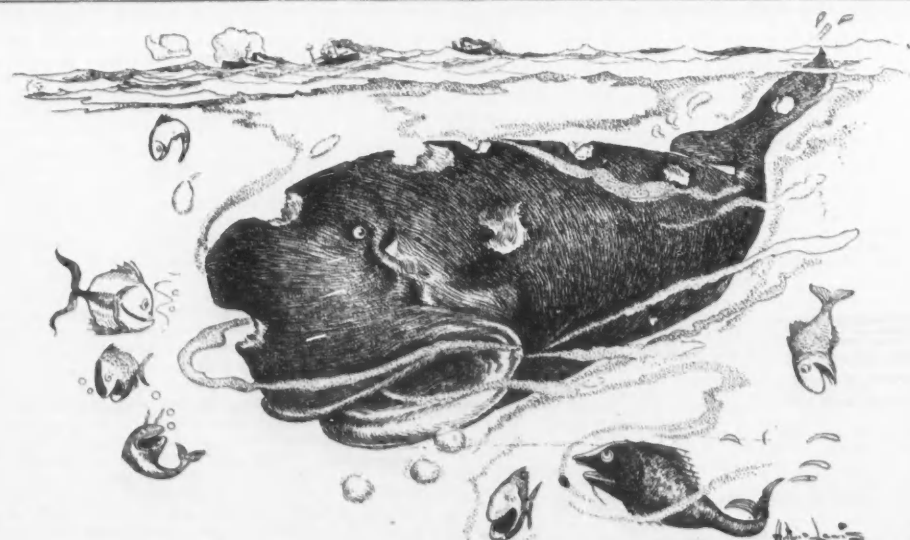
Anyone who writes a letter to a paper protesting against reckless driving of automobiles will be severely reprimanded and, if the offence is repeated, will be required to take part in the next international race.

Deacon Ironjaws—I must admit, the ways of Providence are beyond my understanding. *Grimshaw*—How kind of you!

Amelia H. of Woonsocket writes to ask if a man with an eagle eye is therefore a bird. Certainly not, Amelia. No more than that the man who lives by his pen is necessarily a pig.

## The Bank of Hamilton.

The statement of the Bank of Hamilton, just published, for the current half year, is certainly a most satisfactory one, showing a profit at the rate of 16 1-3 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the bank in that time. For the six months since their last meeting they have paid a dividend at the rate of ten per cent. per annum.



ANOTHER RUSSIAN BLUNDER.

Mr. Snapper—What's the matter, Mr. Whale? Mr. Whale—Matter! Why, I just went to the surface to blow myself, and a fleet of Russian cruisers took me for a Jap submarine and made me look like a Swiss cheese—that's what's the matter!



### "The Heintzman & Co. Piano is the Standard of Artistic Excellence."

This great Piano is a "musical star" that has been in the ascendancy for over half a century. It leads all others.

Its many triumphs go to make up a large chapter in the musical history of the country. The history of music in Canada would be incomplete without this chapter. The

## Heintzman & Co. PIANO

(MADE BY YE OLDE FIRME OF HEINTZMAN & CO., LIMITED)

whether in Upright or Grand—for it is a piano distinctive of itself—beautiful in artistic design, without a rival in supremacy of musical construction.

"My recital programme involves a wide selection of songs of most varied characteristics and requires, of necessity, a piano capable in the highest degree of the most delicate inflexions and of the widest range, alternating from fine pianissimo effects to the most powerful manifestations of dramatic force. To these demands I found your instrument most responsive."—Plunkett Greene, England's Great Basso Contanto.

Piano Salon: 115-117 King St. West, Toronto.



## Oriental RUGS

At Half-Prices in January

We must reduce our immense stock of genuine Eastern Rugs before the end of this month and exceptional sacrifices will be made to carry out our intentions. This is an opportunity of a life-time which will enable you to secure genuine, high-class Persian Rugs at the price of ordinary carpets.

Call soon and have the first pick while they last.

## Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

The thirty-third annual general meeting of the Bank of Hamilton was held at noon on Monday, Jan. 16, at the head offices of the bank, in Hamilton. Hon. William Gibson, the president, was voted chairman, and the general manager, J. Turnbull, secretary.

The president, Mr. Gibson, submitted the annual statement, explaining that it was for six months only. It was as follows:

### REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors beg to submit their annual report to the shareholders for the six months ended November 30, 1904:

The balance at credit of profit and loss account, May 31, 1904, was \$67,080 96. The profit for the six months ended Nov. 30, 1904, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are: \$12,824 06. Premium received on new stock \$4,500 00.

From which has been declared: Dividend of 10 per cent, payable Dec. 1, 1904, \$111,733 76. Carried to reserve fund from profits \$95,496 00. Carried to reserve fund from premium on new stock \$4,500 00. \$211,733 76. Allowance to ex-president authorized by shareholders (for six months) \$2,500 00. \$214,233 76.

Balance of profit and loss carried forward \$10,176 28. The directors desire to remind the shareholders that, by resolution passed at the last annual meeting, the date of future annual general meetings was changed to the third Monday in January. The accounts herewith submitted, therefore, embrace a period of six months only, being from May 31 to November 30. The directors believe that the results will commend themselves favorably to the shareholders. The directors report, with sorrow, the death of their late colleague, Arthur B. Lee, of Toronto.

Hamilton, Dec. 12, 1904. WM. GIBSON, President.

To the public—LIABILITIES. Notes of bank in circulation \$2,017,511 00. Deposits bearing interest \$15,097,401 70. Deposits not bearing interest \$3,558,230 55. Amount reserved for interest due depositors \$14,723 82. \$19,100,966 97. Balances due to other banks in Canada \$7,321 61. Balances due to agents of the bank in Great Britain \$40,519 55. Dividend No. 64 payable Dec. 1, 1904 \$111,733 76. Former dividends unpaid \$22,113,390 29. \$22,113,390 29. To the shareholders—Capital Stock \$7,235,280 00. Reserve fund \$2,100,000 00. Amount reserved for rebate of interest on current bills discounted \$5,000 00. Balance of profits carried forward \$4,440,456 28. \$13,875,736 28.

ASSETS. Gold and silver coin \$414,600 28. Dominion Government notes \$1,880,223 00. Deposits with the Dominion Government as security for note circulation \$110,000 00. Notes of and checks on other banks \$1,067,805 42. Balances due from other banks in Canada and the United States \$1,219,851 70. Canadian and British Government, municipal, railway, and other securities \$3,059,010 42. Loans at call, or short call, on negotiable securities \$1,568,142 36. \$9,313,533 20. Notes discounted and advances current \$18,358,516 58. Notes discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for) \$5,209 59. Bank premises, office furniture, safes, etc. \$67,464 46. Real estate (other than bank premises), mortgages, etc. \$6,963 16. Other assets not included under foregoing heads \$5,929 58. \$25,333,846 57.

J. TURNBULL, General Manager.

Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton, Nov. 30, 1904. On motion of Mr. William Hendrie, seconded by Mr. F. W. Gates, and carried, the President was asked to cast one ballot for the Board of Directors and the following were declared elected: Messrs. Hon. William Gibson, John Proctor, John S. Hendrie, M.P.P., George Rutherford, J. Turnbull, C. A. Birge.

### Secret of Success.

"NOW" said the interviewer, after the great man had told of his achievements, "will you tell me to what you ascribe your success?"

"For publication or your own information?" asked the great man.

"For publication," was the reply.

"Then say," said the great man reflectively, "that I attribute my present position to industry, economy, perseverance, a determination to succeed, and a general observation of all the rules which, if you care to print them at length, you may find in the biography of any self-made man."

The interviewer laid down his pencil. "For my own information," he said, "what are the reasons for your success?"

"My relatives, friends, and the grace of God," responded the great man.

"My father and mother were perhaps responsible for most. I love my ease as much as any man. I delight to put off till to-morrow what I might do to-day; but my parents cured me of that as far as their opportunities went. Through my uncle I got my start in business. Many a time when Opportunity has knocked at my door I have been asleep and she has passed on, but some friend of mine has caught her by the ear, brought her back and insisted on my embracing her."

"For the most brilliant of my achievements there is absolutely no explanation. Most were accomplished without previous thought, at a chance meeting, or under circumstances such as no living man could have brought about. That is what I call the grace of God."

"Better let me print that," remarked the interviewer.

"No," replied the great man. "The old story is best. It may be tiresome to some, but it's been told so often that no other will be believed."

### Wanted all the Goodies.

Teddy was about to be ten years old. In view of this interesting event Teddy's mother had ordered some ice-cream and cakes and other dainties, and Teddy was told to invite his little friends to a birthday party. The evening of the celebration came around, and all the goodies were waiting to be enjoyed. Teddy and his mother were also waiting.

Suddenly the youngest said: "Mother, don't you think it's time to eat the ice-cream and cake now?"

"No, indeed, my son," she replied. "we must wait until your friends arrive."

"Well, to tell you the truth, mother," began Teddy. "I just thought that for once in my life I'd like to have enough goodies, so I guess we better begin now, 'cause I didn't invite anyone."



### WALL STREET TERM.

"The preferred is going to par."

### The Dentist's Bill.

When Congressman John Sharp Williams visits New York he never fails to look in at a small kindling-wood shop presided over by an old negro who was formerly a retainer in the Williams family. On his latest call he found the old man unhappy.

"What's the matter, Lufe?" asked Mr. Williams.

"I've just been done out o' some money, Marse John, and that's maffah 'nough," replied the negro. "Had a terrible misery in mah tooth and went to a dentist and got hit pulled, and he charged me a dollar, a whole dollar. Why, once down in Tennessee I went to ole Doc Tinker, and he pulled two toofs and broke mah jawbone, and only charged me fifty cents. I've been bun-coed."

Little Dick—Mamma, I think I'd be a better boy if I had a pony like Tom Hunter's. Mother—Better in what way, my boy? Little Dick—I think I'd be more charitable. Mother (surprised)—More charitable? Little Dick—Yes. Because then I wouldn't feel so glad when Tom's pony runs away with him.

### The Correct Champagne Record

Imports of Champagne by the Sole Agents into the United States and Canada for the year 1904.

G. H. MUNN & CO. (Extra Dry and Sec. el. Br.)	Cases
Moet & Chandon	131,330
Pommery and G. H. M.	129,183
Reims, P. and F. H.	25,427
V. C. C.	25,427
V. C. C.	13,616
Quin R. d. d.	12,016
P. R. H. d. d.	9,706
P. R. H. d. d.	8,695
H. d. d. & C.	4,531
Perrier, J. d. d.	4,108
D. d. d. & C.	4,108
Various Brands	30,951
	397,435

Compiled from Customs House Records by S. V. Allaire & Son.

### Social and Personal.

Miss Capleton, a beautiful girl from Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark at Government House and will be here for the dance next week.

On Monday evening Mrs. Mortimer Clark and Miss Clark, with their guest, Miss Capleton, and Commander Law, A.D.C., attended the Kneisel Quartette concert. Others in the audience who delighted in the perfect playing of the Quartette were Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. Reaves, Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Dr. A. A. and Miss Pearl Macdonald, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. A. D. Cartwright and Mrs. Hart, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Boyd, Mr. Harry Field, Mrs. Charles Moss, the Misses Street, Mrs. and Miss Isabel Loudon, Mrs. George Hagarty and Miss Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Professor and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Stout, Miss Neta Mackenzie, Mrs. Stikeman, Miss Beardmore, Miss Louie Janes, Dr. and Mrs. Peters, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. W. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Charles Sheard, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. J. Bruce Macdonald and a party of eighteen students from St. Andrew's College, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gowan Strath, Mr. Langton, Mr. Arthur Blakeley, Mr. Blachford, Miss Dallas, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Violet Freeland, Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Mrs. MacMaster, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem.

Washington's birthday and St. Valentine's night are two dates which are already red-lettered for February. On the first the Yacht Club ball in the King Edward will welcome the new Governor-General to Canada, and on the second date, February 14, the Daughters of the Empire will hold their "paper ball," a function dainty in conceit and sure to be most picturesque in completion. The gowns at this ball are to be composed of paper, the effects in which are simply marvelous. It has been suggested that as paper is particularly adapted to the formation of flower dresses, sets should be formed, *par exemple*, a sweet pea set, a rose set, an orchid set, or a lily set, giving at least four possible tints and styles in each set. The paper artist has turned up and has many beautiful pictures and ideas, the little sweet pea bonnets of the delicate flowers being particularly fetching. Orchids make a very distinguished dress motif. A pack of cards in paper dresses would also be most *chic*, and a Daughter of the Empire set, with rose, shamrock, thistle and maple leaf should strike patriotic fancy. One could go on indefinitely with suggestions, but only one other occurs to me: that our men folk be restricted, if in costume, to black court dress. Each partner of the flower maidens might sport a decidedly evident *boutonnere* of the flower represented by his lady fair, but no facings of colored cotton, nor lackey suits of red velvet, nor any vagaries of such description, my gallants, if you love a dainty and elegant *mise en scene*.

The set of honor might be composed of dames of the Empire from its remotest ages. The very dashing and handsome members of the Order who looked so well at the *poudre* would look better if possible as queens and duchesses, and to their consideration this idea is respectfully submitted.

Miss Cawthra of Yeadon Hall has spent the week in St. Catharines, and returned, I believe, yesterday to town. Mrs. Cawthra did not, as intended, go over to St. Catharines.

Invitations have been issued by the members of the Domino Club to their friends for a fancy dress masquerade to be held in St. George's Hall on the 30th inst. This is one of the few large dances of the season that are being run on a strictly invitation basis.

Miss Arderley, Dunnville, and Miss Vardon, Galt, are visiting Miss Evelyn Graham of Madison avenue.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Leahy to Mr. R. T. Gough, C.E., of Halifax. The marriage will take place in a few weeks.

Miss Lillian Barclay of Brandon, Manitoba, is the guest of Mrs. Bradshaw Fullard of Rosedale.

Miss Kathleen Leahy is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bradshaw Fullard of Rosedale.

Miss Street of Walmer road is going to the Barbadoes for the winter.

There is no more inviting field for the artist-designer than the arrangement of the beautiful lighting effects which are to be got from the use of the incandescent electric light.

The clumsy pendant chandelier, which was so much in use when gas and coal oil were the principal means of illumination available, is being superseded by a lighter and much more artistic style of fixture, employing the incandescent electric lamps for its lighting agent. Sometimes the lights are arranged in a cluster and hung near the ceiling; in other cases, where it is desirable that the lights should be hung lower, the lighting clusters are suspended by means of a chain.

The display of electric fixtures in the show-rooms of the local electric light company has been selected with great care, the aim of the management being to encourage the use of the electric light by showing its many advantages over all other forms of illumination from an artistic standpoint. Its hygienic advantages are too well known to need demonstration.

### Its Effect on Him.

Little Remington (a Kentucky lad)—Papa, what is a prohibitionist? Colonel Corkright—A prohibitionist, my son, is a pishon who drinks watum and talks like a fool.



## Dressing Bags FOR MEN

WE fit our bags with only the toilet articles necessary, and every piece is of the best quality. They are all on a detachable stand.

The bag illustrated is our newest pattern, and is made of the finest quality of natural grain leather.

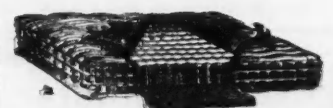
The frame and linings are extra fine, and the price is for 18-inch size, \$20.00; 20-inch, \$21.00.

If you are interested in anything made from leather.

Catalogue & is sent to you free

## Julian Sale

Leather Goods Co. Limited  
105 KING ST. WEST.



### The Marshall Sanitary Mattress

In the car the other morning, a gentleman said to us: "It seemed like a lot of money for a mattress, but my wife wouldn't part with it now for double if she couldn't get another Marshall Sanitary. But you ought to call it comfortable as well as sanitary."

All users tell the same story. Phone Main 4533 for a mattress and rest comfortably.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.

261 King West - TORONTO

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births

KING—At 132 Albany avenue, on Sunday, January 15, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. King, a daughter.

LAMONT—On January 4, at Toronto, the wife of Mr. Duncan G. Lamont, of a daughter.

#### Marriages

DAVIS-SIMPSON—Jan. 11, Sault Ste. Marie, Leonard H. Davis to Josephine Maude Simpson.

URQUHART-TEFFY—Jan. 17, Pickering, Alice Teffy to James Urquhart.

#### Deaths

BLASHFORD—Jan. 17, Toronto, Lucy Ann Blashford, aged 78.

SMITH—Jan. 16, Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Jane Smith, aged 63.

STUART—Jan. 17, Toronto, Parmelia V. Stuart, aged 66.

GRAHAM—Jan. 17, Toronto, Helen Graham, aged 66.

YOUNG—Jan. 17, Toronto, Sarah Renwick Young.

ROBINSON—Jan. 17, Toronto, Sarah Robinson, aged 66.

MENDON—Jan. 14, Toronto, Lauretta C. Mendon, aged 65.

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